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"HOLY" WARFARE.

SOME readers, perhaps, will be startled by the phrase "holy warfare," as they may be of opinion that no warfare can be otherwise than unholy. But as there are warriors and warriors, so is there war and war—yea, even holy warfare and holy warfare; though probably a good deal—perhaps most—of what is called by that name would be more correctly described were "diabolical" the epithet employed to characterise it. Still, as people dislike other titles than those

they themselves assume being applied to them and their works, we purpose to humour their fancy, and speak of "holy warfare," though, at the same time, we admit that the things we mean to deal with might justly be called by a different name. There is, we repeat, holy warfare and holy warfare—that is, there are strivings which are truly holy, as well in their aim as in their action; and there are strivings which are holy in neither the one aspect nor the other: some that are genuine, some that are shams, and some that

are most thoroughly unholy, both in their ends and in their means, albeit they especially assume the divine attribute. The struggles of good against evil, of virtue against vice, of truth against error, of industry against idleness, of thrift against waste, of justice against oppression—these are all phases of true holy warfare; and wherever and whenever we see such contests in progress we revere the righteous warriors, by whatsoever name they may be called, or under whatever banner they may fight—whether they be Christian



"ALONE IN THE STUDIO."—PICTURE BY SCHLESINGER.—(PRINTED BY PERMISSION OF MESSRS. GOUPI, OF PARIS.)



or Pagan, Turk or Jew. It is not, however, of contests such as these that we are now thinking; but rather of certain sham and false holy wars that are going on around us.

To begin with, there is the Pope and his Council assembled at Rome, for the purpose, as his Holiness declares, of stemming the tide of what he calls "irreligion under the guise of Liberal ideas," and of putting down human and diabolical inventions that assume the name of Science, as the Pope says, "falsely so called." This is what may be termed the negative, or apparent, object of the Council; the positive and real purpose of the assembly being to set up other human inventions and endeavour to clothe them with Divine sanctions. The infallibility of the Church is already an accepted doctrine in the Roman Church—ay, and in others too, though it is not so distinctly avowed—"the Church" in all cases meaning the sacerdotal element thereof. That dogma is objectionable enough, and illogical to boot, seeing that as the Church—whether clerics or laics, or both, be meant thereby—is composed of men, and men are fallible, it is impossible for them to be collectively what they are not individually. But a claim of infallibility for a body of men was not so monstrous—for one portion might correct the errors of another—as the notion now broached of the personal infallibility of one man, the Pope himself. The world might be induced to accept doctrinal definitions from a council of Bishops; but to do so unquestioningly from one single mortal, subject to all the failings and imperfections of human nature—to receive as true what he says is true, and as false whatever he chooses to condemn, without revision or appeal—is, in our opinion, repugnant at once to common-sense and the whole teaching of Scripture. What is Pius IX., or what can any of his successors be, that the whole world should bow down before him or them, and accept his or their *ipse dixit* on all points of faith and morals—in every matter affecting belief and action, whether religious, political, social or domestic? And yet to set up such an absurd figment is the main object, according to received report, of the assembly now sitting in Rome, and in support of which one of the "holy wars" of our time is about to be inaugurated! Although this warfare be conducted by so-called holy men and on holy pretences, we take leave to think it one of the most unholy enterprises ever attempted.

False science and liberal ideas are to be put down, says his Holiness—that is, all teachings that militate against his pretensions or tend to undermine his supremacy are to be extirpated, so far as the Romish clergy can extirpate them. But the Pope forgets that "false science" is certain to extirpate itself; and liberal ideas, if they be not true and just, to perish from inherent lack of vitality. Consequently he and his system, so far as they are in accordance with truth and justice, have nothing to fear from either science or liberal ideas. The Church, he tells us, is "stronger than Heaven itself" (a phrase, by-the-by, that to mere worldly ears sounds like anything save reverence or holiness); and cannot, therefore, be endangered, much less overthrown, by the weak devices of men. But there is some danger (though, we hope, not great) of true science and just liberal ideas being damaged—but certainly not extirpated, for what is true never dies—by the sort of holy war the Pope is about to inaugurate. The Church has aforetime warred upon what she called false science, but which has now been proved to be true science; that showed she was not infallible; and is it not probable that she may commit a like blunder again, and exhibit similar fallibility once more? The Galileo tragedy-farce and fiasco is very likely to be performed over again under the auspices of Pius IX., or some other equally erring Pontiff; and this new holy war to prove as abortive as those of old time.

Rome, however, is not the scene of the only holy war now in progress. We have one going on here in England, and prompted by very much the same sort of notions. The Bishops and clergy of the Anglican Church—or, at least, a large number of them—are warring against the appointment of Dr. Temple to the see of Exeter, mainly because he has dared to think for himself, and to claim a like privilege for other men. His opponents say he is not orthodox; but they have failed to prove it; and the efforts they have made, and are still making, to hinder his assumption of episcopal functions in the great western diocese only tend to show how weak and how little foreseeing are those proud mortals who take it upon themselves to dictate what thoughts men shall think and what actions they shall perform. Seven Bishops, we are told, refuse to take part in Dr. Temple's consecration, and some others stand neutral; but Dr. Temple will be consecrated, nevertheless; and we hope the recalcitrant Bishops, and all other his opposers, will live to acknowledge that their fears were as unwarranted as their warfare has been ineffective, however virulent it be. By-the-by, the most rancorous of Dr. Temple's opposers is Dr. Trower, colonial Bishop out of business. Dr. Trower acted for some time as the coadjutor, assistant, deputy, or something of that sort, to the late Dr. Phillpotts; and perhaps Dr. Trower aspired to succeed Bishop Phillpotts. Have these circumstances any connection with each other, we wonder? Do they help to explain the holy warfare Dr. Trower has recently been waging? We make no insinuation—Dr. Trower is, no doubt, a holy man; but it is just possible that one thing in this matter may have had an influence on others.

THE HIGH SHERIFF OF OXFORDSHIRE, it is said, has placed at the disposal of the council of the Agricultural Society a piece of plate of the value of £100, as a prize for the best-managed farm in the district, to be competed for at the agricultural show of next year.

"ALONE IN THE STUDIO."

THERE is always something very mysterious to the uninitiated in an artist's studio, or, for that matter, in an author's study, an editor's room, a clergyman's sanctum, a poet's garden-house—any place associated with the transformation of thought. The inmate objects in such scenes seem to participate in the living influences with which they are associated. Thus even lay-figures, busts, models, drapery, nay, the very easel itself, has imparted to it a wonderful meaning; and the sense of this is felt, not alone by the accomplished and appreciative guest, but by the ordinary visitor, who, finding himself by accident admitted to such an apartment, is for a moment stricken silent by the feeling, as it were, of an unseen presence. It is some such sentiment that makes the attractive reality of M. Schlesinger's picture, an Engraving of which we publish this week. What is it that the half-timid damsel expects to see in the great glass of the studio beside her own shy, scared little face? She has been there often enough, as a model; has seen the artist at work transferring her face and dress to the canvas; and yet, surely, there must be some mystery that she has never yet fathomed, some magic property in that swinging mirror which reflects all the quaint objects of the large room. Alone in the studio, she no longer feels that she herself has become one of its silent accessories. There is much suggestiveness in this admirably-painted picture, which we are glad to be able to reproduce for our readers.

STATE OF IRELAND.—The authorities in Dublin are making strenuous exertions to put the country into a state of perfect security, and to re-establish public confidence upon a firm basis. Large reinforcements of troops have already arrived, and others are expected. The Simoon brought the first battalion of the 20th Regiment to Kingstown on Sunday. Last Saturday the left wing of the 1st (King's) Dragoon Guards disembarked at the North-wall. A squadron marched straight to Naas, en route for Carrick-on-Suir. The other squadron proceeded to Cahir. The headquarters and right wing will also be stationed at Cahir, relieving the 1st Royal Dragoons, which will proceed to Ballinacollig, its headquarters, and be distributed in Cork, Limerick, Ennis, and Fermoy. Other movements have been made which will effectually provide for the maintenance of tranquillity and order in the south. Provision has been made for the protection of the west by the dispatch of the 49th and 80th Regiments, which arrived on Saturday. Equal activity has been observed in the north. Troops have been pushed forward to Derry, where disturbances are apprehended, and places have been occupied for the first time.

MRS. GLADSTONE'S CONVALESCENT HOME.—It is not generally known that, besides her large convalescent home at Woodford, Mrs. Gladstone has organised at Brook-road, Clapton, a convalescent home for relapsing fever patients, taken from home or hospital indifferently. The home has been opened only a fortnight, during which time twelve convalescents have been admitted, one of whom has been discharged quite cured, and the remaining eleven are all improving. There are thirty beds in the two houses which jointly constitute the home—one house being assigned to the male, the other to the female, patients; but it is a singular fact that few sufferers from this relapsing—or, more properly speaking, famine—fever are yet sufficiently recovered to be deemed convalescent; the sudden outbreak has been too recent, save in the oldest cases. The business of the home is conducted by some of the gentlemen who have interested themselves in the Woodford Home, and the house is superintended by a lady of position, who gives herself to the work of doing good; so that the whole management is gratuitous, and the names, if it were not an impertinence to give them, would be sufficient guarantee for its efficiency. But it must be distinctly understood that this Clapton Home is for the convalescents from relapsing fever only, not for any other kind of fever patients, as some have imagined; and of its need and value no one who has paid it a visit can possibly doubt.

THE LATEST NEWS FROM DR. LIVINGSTONE.—The letter from Dr. Livingstone, dated Ujiji, May 30, 1869, the receipt of which was announced a week or two ago by telegram, is published in the Bombay papers. It is addressed to Dr. Kirk, and, after describing some of the difficulties he has had to encounter, owing to the hostility of the Ujijians, who are slave-traders, and dread exposure by his letters, Dr. Livingstone says:—"As to the work to be done by me, it is only to connect the sources which I have discovered from 500 to 700 miles south of Speke and Baker's with their Nile. The volume of water which flows north from latitude 120 south is so large I suspect that I have been working at the sources of the Congo as well as those of the Nile. I have to go down the eastern line of drainage to Baker's turning point. Tanganyika, Nyige Chowambe (Baker's?) are one water, and the head of it is 300 miles south of this. The western and central lines of drainage converge into an unvisited lake west or south-west of this. The outflow of this, whether to Congo or Nile, I have to ascertain. The people of this, called Manyema, are cannibals, if Arabs speak truly. I may have to go there first, and down Tanganyika, if I come out unscathed, and find my new road from Zanzibar. I earnestly hope you will do what you can to do help me with goods and men." Sir R. Murchison, in referring to Dr. Livingstone's letter at the meeting of the Royal Geographic Society on Monday night, said we must be prepared for the possible but not probable contingency that the waters of the Lake Tanganyika should be found not to flow northward into the Lake Albert Nyanza, but to be deflected to the west. In that case, if Dr. Livingstone should be adequately supplied with carriers and provisions, he would doubtless follow these waters, and thus being led on, perhaps to the Congo, we may once more be subjected to a long and anxious period of suspense.

COMMERCIAL CIRCUMLOCUTION.—The enormous waste of labour in the public service is strikingly illustrated by a paper in the *Produce Markets Review* on the reorganisation of the Customs' Department. The facts may be commended to the notice of Mr. Stansfeld and the Marquis of Lansdowne, with one of the permanent officials of the Treasury, who have been appointed to inquire into and cut down the extravagant expenditure of the Commissioners of Customs. If an English shipper intends to export, for instance, a small quantity of goods to Australia, his clerks—numbers of whom are employed and trained in this work alone—are obliged to fill up no less than thirty-eight forms, printed at the public expense, before the goods can be put on board ship. "It will hardly be credited," we are told, "that the collective length of the papers required for a single shipment, however small, is 29 ft. 9 in., and their breadth 28 ft. 2 in." Every particular respecting the shipment is repeated in this mass of costly documents some dozens of times. Here is work for Mr. Stansfeld's zeal and administrative capacity. The waste of national money in these useless forms, and in the immense number of Custom-House clerks employed in issuing and checking them, is not more startling than the expenditure of our merchants on the useless labour of filling them up.

THE "OVEREND AND GURNEY" CASE.—The trial of the indictment against the six directors of Overend, Gurney, and Co. (Limited), was begun on Monday, in the Court of Queen's Bench, Guildhall—the Lord Chief Justice presiding. The defendants are Mr. J. H. Gurney, formerly M.P. for King's Lynn; Mr. H. E. Gurney, Mr. R. Birkbeck, Mr. H. F. Barclay, Mr. H. G. Gordon, and Mr. W. Rennie. They were indicted for having, on July 12, 1865, published a false prospectus, with intent to defraud the shareholders. There are thirty-two counts in the indictment. Dr. Keenly, the leading counsel for the prosecution, laid before the jury an elaborate review of the circumstances which led to the disastrous fall of the "corner house," on May 10, 1866. He went minutely through the prospectus and the figures of the balance-sheets, contending that the defendants, instead of forming a new company, ought to have gone into the Bankruptcy Court. He also argued that they had violated every engagement into which they had entered with the subscribers. At the close of the learned counsel's opening speech the Court adjourned. On Tuesday some important evidence was given by Mr. C. E. Jones, the solicitor to the defendants, who produced the original deed transferring the business of the old firm to the new company, as well as the second, or, as it has been sometimes called, the secret deed. In narrating several incidents which preceded the formation of the limited company, the witness declared that neither of the defendants gave any instructions whatever for the preparation of two deeds. He sent the first deed to the Stock Exchange entirely on his own judgment and responsibility, because he conceived it was the contract between the vendors and the new company. There was not the slightest motive in concealing the second deed, or any intention to do so, as its provisions were collateral with those of the first. The witness further stated that, so far from an idea existing that the £4,000,000 of debts transferred from the firm to the company were worthless, it was estimated that there would be a surplus of £700,000 if the private estates of the Messrs. Gurney were disposed of. Every shilling's worth of Mr. J. H. Gurney's property had been sold and the amount realised put into the concern. Mr. H. E. Gurney's property also had been sold for £180,000. The whole of the private estates of the partners realised nearly £2,000,000. Dr. Adam Thom, the prosecutor, was afterwards called, and deposed to the fact of his having taken shares and to the subsequent failure. He was cross-examined at some length by the Solicitor-General respecting the refusal of the prosecution to put in the affidavits made by the defendants in the Chancery proceedings, in which they were severally cross-examined. More witnesses were on Wednesday examined for the prosecution. Formal proof was given of the bankruptcy of many of the persons, whose debts to the old firm, amounting to about £4,000,000, had been transferred by the partners to the new company. The principal witness was Mr. Oswald Howell, the accountant, who was employed by the shareholders to make a thorough investigation of the books. According to his evidence the old firm divided the enormous sum of £360,000 as profits in 1859, in the previous year £240,000, and in 1860 the profits were £266,000. The witness went very minutely into the accounts, and his cross-examination was not concluded when the Court rose.

Foreign Intelligence.

FRANCE.

According to rumours which now appear to be well founded, a change of Ministry may very shortly be expected.

The *Peuple Français*, which is considered as to some extent an organ of the Tuileries, makes the announcement that in future the Empress of the French will not attend any Ministerial Councils. Her Majesty's alleged participation in political matters has recently formed the subject of remark in the Paris papers. The *Rappel* even goes so far as to intimate that the press prosecutions which the Imperial Government has just set on foot have been due to the influence of the Empress.

A report of M. Magne, the Minister of Finance, was published in the *Journal Officiel* on Monday. It represents the finances as in a very flourishing condition. The floating debt has been greatly reduced; there is a surplus on the Budget of 1868, and also on that of 1869, and an estimated surplus for 1871. For the first time after a long interval, M. Magne says the expenditure for public work will be defrayed from the ordinary revenue.

At the sitting of the Legislative Body on Tuesday, a motion, signed by twenty-three deputies, was presented in favour of the necessity of immediately instituting an inquiry into the results of the treaties of commerce; and another motion, signed by fifty deputies, was presented urging the necessity of giving notice before Feb. 1, 1870, of withdrawal from the treaty of commerce with England. After some discussion on the motions, it was understood that the House would decide as to the debate on them after the verification of the elections is completed. In reply to a question from M. Garnier-Pagès whether the Imperial Government intended to admit foreign newspapers freely into France, M. De Forcade La Roquette said the subject was a grave one, to which a direct answer could not be given, as foreign newspapers, not being subjected to the same taxes as French newspapers, ought not to enjoy the same liberty. The Chamber is still mainly occupied in the verification of elections, the majority generally sanctioning the return, even though most flagrant malpractices are proved to have been employed.

The *Figaro* says that a note of the Minister of Justice has been forwarded to the Marquis de Banneville, the French Ambassador at Rome, stating that the proclamation of the dogma of Papal infallibility, while it is inopportune from a religious point of view, would relieve France from the obligation she has undertaken by the Concordat with the Holy See. The *Paris Temps*, speaking of the address recently delivered by the Pope in the Oecumenical Council, says that its chief feature is its superlative and redundant phraseology which is the distinguishing characteristic of the Pontifical diplomacy. "We see without the slightest surprise," adds the *Temps*, "that it displays none of those conciliatory sentiments towards modern society which some of the Fathers of the Council seemed to hold." The *Temps* thinks that none but the perverse can fail to see that the Holy Father's language leaves no room for doubt as to the real character of the Council, or the fresh anathemas with which the Court of Rome is preparing to overwhelm modern society.

The prosecution against the Paris journal the *Rappel* has resulted in the condemnation of M. Charles Hugo, the writer of the article complained of, to four months' imprisonment and 1000*fr.* fine; and of M. Barbieux, the editor, to the same fine and two months' imprisonment. M. Louis Blanc has made his first appearance in the *Rappel* as a regular contributor. His opening article is a lament touching the support which the Empire, in its early days, obtained in England, and but for which, he thinks, it would not have lasted so long.

ITALY.

A Ministry has at length been formed, under the premiership of Signor Lanza, and is thus composed:—Signor Lanza, President of the Ministry and Minister of the Interior; Signor Sella, Minister of Finance; Signor Visconti-Venosta, Minister of Foreign Affairs; Signor Raeli, Minister of Justice; Signor Govone, Minister of War; Signor Gadda, Minister of Public Works; Signor Correnti, Minister of Public Instruction; Signor Castagnola, Minister of Commerce and Marine ad interim. The new Ministers took their seats in the Chamber on Wednesday. Signor Lanza, the Premier, addressing the House, said that the most urgent question before it was that of the finances of the country. Great efforts and great sacrifices would be necessary in order to reduce the deficit; but retrenchment would not of itself be sufficient, there must be an increase of the public burdens. Signor Lanza went on to say that it was not intended to disorganise, but to preserve, the national forces. At the same time, as the national unity and independence might be considered as assured, a more regular organisation would have to be given to the army at less cost to the taxpayers. According to the telegram, Signor Lanza's speech was received without applause, and the allusion to increased taxation provoked murmurs from the Left.

ROME.

In the sitting of the council on the 9th inst. the Pope read to the members assembled a short homily, in which he said that it had given him great pleasure to inaugurate the Council on the appointed day, and to see the Bishops assembled at Rome in greater numbers than ever. They had come to teach all men the voice of God, and to judge with the Pope, under the auspices of the Holy Spirit, on the errors of human science. Never was it more necessary than in the present day, since conspiracy and impiety were wide-spread and strongly organised, and hide themselves under the mask of aspirations for liberty. There was no cause for alarm. The "Church was stronger than Heaven itself," and now was the time to consider what remedies were efficacious against the present evils. The Bishops should strive with him to secure peacefulness in the monasteries, order in the Church, and discipline among the clergy. In conclusion, he invoked the Holy Spirit, the Virgin, and the holy angels.

A Roman telegram gives the names of the principal Commissioners who have been appointed by the Pope to determine (subject to the concurrence of his Holiness) what questions may be brought before the Council. The President of the Commission is Cardinal Patrizi. Other members are Cardinals Antonelli and Billio, the Latin Patriarch at Jerusalem, the Archbishops of Malines and Westminster, and the Bishop of Paderborn. Only two French prelates—the Archbishops of Rouen and Tours—are included in the Commission.

A Papal Constitution, dated Dec. 4, has been promulgated ordering that, in the event of the death of the Pope during the session of the Council, his successor shall only be elected by the College of Cardinals, without the participation of the Council, which would be immediately prorogued, and only reassemble at the pleasure of the new Pontiff.

SPAIN.

The *Politica* of Madrid asserts that the Spanish Minister Montemar had informed the Government that King Victor Emmanuel had declared decidedly to him that he could not think of permitting the Duke of Genoa to accept the Spanish Crown. It is reported that this negative is due to the Emperor Napoleon's objection to see the Italian dynasty aggrandised and the Mediterranean converted into an Italian lake. It is also said that approaches had been made without success to Prince Luis Victor, brother of the Emperor of Austria and of Maximilian.

A report on the disappearance of the Crown jewels was read in the Cortes on the 8th inst., wherein it was demanded that a commission of inquiry should be appointed, composed of fourteen members, to bring the perpetrators of the robbery to justice and recover the jewels. The bill raising the state of siege throughout Spain was passed. In Monday's sitting a bill fixing the strength of the army at 80,000 men was adopted. The discussion upon the Crown jewels was resumed. Senor Elduagen maintained that they were the property of Queen Isabella.

AUSTRIA.

The Reichsrath was opened, on Monday, by the Emperor in person. His Majesty congratulated the Reichsrath on the progressive development of his empire on the basis of constitutional institutions, pointing out, however, that much yet remained to be accomplished. He regretted the insurrection in Dalmatia, and said he had directed his Government to mitigate as much as possible the sad results arising therefrom, so soon as law and order should have been restored. The Emperor referred, in conclusion, to his tour in the East. He said:—"It has been a pleasure to me to greet you on my return from a long journey which I have lately undertaken in countries with which we are specially destined to keep up an active and increasing intercourse. It is with satisfaction I inform you that everywhere I have met with the warmest sympathy for our fatherland and its future. I have taken part in the inauguration of a work which does honour to the enterprising spirit and perseverance of its author—a work which promises in its development to open up a new field to our trade and manufactures, for that progressive and creative commercial activity the furtherance of which I recommend to your most earnest consideration. This is a task to which all who are qualified may give their undisturbed attention, since they are summoned thereto most unequivocally by the peaceful situation abroad. Our relations on all sides, even where passing appearances seemed to cloud the horizon, have now assumed a friendly and peaceful aspect. Supported by these peaceful circumstances, I look forward to the future with a stout heart, and expect, honoured gentlemen, that a similar sentiment will animate you in your labours and bring them to a happy termination."

In Tuesday's sitting of the Lower House Herr Kaiserfeld was elected President, and Herr Hopfen and Franz Grosz were elected Vice-Presidents. The Minister of Finance, Dr. Brestl, laid before the Chamber the financial statement for 1870, which shows an increase in the expenditure of 16,000,000fl., and an increase in the revenue of 7,000,000fl. The Minister stated that, notwithstanding this deficit, the expenditure for 1870 would be covered without having recourse to any loan. He further promised to lay before the House the completed accounts for 1868, which will be of a favourable character.

The Government has issued a proclamation forbidding the export of arms and munitions of war from ports on the Adriatic during the continuance of the Dalmatian insurrection.

THE UNITED STATES.

The House of Representatives passed a resolution on Tuesday, by 128 votes against 42, against the renewal of the Canadian Reciprocity Treaty.

The Spanish gun-boats have been unconditionally released.

PARAGUAY.

Intelligence from Paraguay announces that five skirmishes have occurred, and that Curuguaty, the fourth town which Lopez has made his capital, was captured on Sept. 28, after a slight resistance. Lopez had gone to Iguatemy, and the Government troops continued to pursue him. Señor Varella, the Argentine Minister for Foreign Affairs, has gone to Asuncion.

HAYTI.

General Victor Chevalier has deserted Salnave and joined the rebel side, taking with him the troops under his command. This was considered a heavy blow to Salnave's power. Cape Hayti fell on the 13th, which was considered a still more serious blow. Two steamers belonging to Salnave had been captured, leaving him with only one. Two Generals, whom he held as hostages, were shot at Brizartin on Nov. 19. Salnave, by a coup d'état, on the 17th, declared himself President for life.

ANOTHER GRAND ROW IN THE ST. PANCRAS BEAR-GARDEN.

THE ordinary meeting of the St. Pancras board of guardians was held, on Monday, in the Vestry-hall, and it was accompanied by even more than the ordinary uproar and confusion. The chief item of business on the agenda paper was the election of seven duly-qualified persons to be members of the board of management of the Central London Sick Asylum District. This caused the two parties by whose unseemly contentions the parish has been of late so much disgraced to put forth their utmost strength. To support the "old guardians" an unusually large number of ex-officio guardians appeared; while, to back up the "new guardians," who call themselves the party of progress, nearly a hundred persons crowded into the gallery set apart for spectators. Before the chairman (Mr. Ross) had comfortably seated himself a preliminary disturbance was commenced by these representatives of the public. Signalling had been observed between Mr. Watkins, "the great parochial reformer," who sat on the new guardians' side, and the gallery, and the purport was soon made known by several rude demands for admission into the body of the hall. It seemed that one or two gentlemen had taken seats within the barrier, and at this apparent partiality offence was taken. After a good deal of shouting, the chairman intimated that if the occupants of the gallery would only have a little patience their wrongs should be redressed; but Mr. Watkins settled the difficulty by inviting the gallery occupants down, and himself conducting them to seats. This extraordinary movement was effected with much noise and insinuation on the part of the spectators, and indignant protest at the table where the majority sat.

The clerk then commenced to read the record of a former meeting, and the row began again before five minutes had passed. It was led off by Mr. Watkins, who, clenching his fist, and in a loud angry tone, began to speak, telling the chairman he knew "wot was wot." Another guardian leaped to his feet, and at the top of his voice said that he had been told that a large body of police had been sent down for the purpose of "overawing" the ratepayers. The sentence was finished, however, by Mr. Watkins, who violently attacked the gentlemen whom he always referred to as the "J. P.'s," who, he said, had only attended for the purpose of oppressing them. This was the key-note for an uproar that lasted an hour without a break. At every statement made respecting the ex-officio the spectators hooted and hissed, while they cheered uproariously whenever Mr. Watkins and Mr. North, the ringleaders of the "Reformers," spoke. In vain the chairman declared he had heard nothing of any police. The ratepayers laughed derisively, told him to "shut up," and indulged in all kinds of insulting epithets towards the magistrates present. Any reference to Mr. Wyatt was received with the most frantic howling. That gentleman was declared to have brought "the J. P.'s" down like sheep to do his bidding, and very seldom has a gentleman been so abused as he was during the whole of the sitting. Although it was soon ascertained that there were but the two ordinary policemen on the premises, Mr. Watkins insisted upon shouting his attacks upon the "J. P.'s." Some of his friends, however, were able to out-shout him, and while he was gesticulating, and the spectators cheering as wildly as possible, one guardian exclaimed, "Now, then, J. P.'s, where is your bobbies?" and then hallooed (making a speaking trumpet of his hand), "Look at 'em, they do wot Wyatt tells 'em, like so many Jacks-in-the-box"—the latter classical reference being occasioned by the voting of the majority for a motion as to the removal of the police. From this moment the fact of the majority that had been brought together seemed to produce actual frenzy in Mr. Watkins and his friends. They ran perpetually from the table to the spectators, and each time the hubbub broke out afresh. The most common routine business added fuel to the flame. Although the chairman perpetually reminded the excited ones that they were travelling over old ground, all kinds of topics were turned into the occasion for abuse of and positive insult to the ex-officio. A minute was read as to the state of the infant nursery, and Mr. Chandler, one of the majority, said the place was badly furnished. A Mr. Worth, at the opposite table, told him to sit down, and asked him what he knew about it? and a Mr. Foskett, who sat near him, accused Mr. Chandler of always making sensational speeches.

The spectators cheered, and when Mr. Chandler rose, howled in concert until he sat down. The chairman, by dint of much perseverance, found an opportunity of reminding those present that this was "a legitimate assembly," and begging spectators not to interrupt the business in this unprecedented manner. Mr. Foskett immediately protested against this interference of the chairman "with the rights of the ratepayers," and proceeded to defend the discharge of the nurse, whose letter recently appeared in the columns of the *Daily News*. In dilating upon the smells which have been complained of he spoke of one particular odour in the infirmary as "that first stink case." The attack upon Mr. Chandler was resumed by Mr. North, who said that gentleman might find something better to do than "obnoxiousing with the nurses, and God knows what besides." He called him a "snake in the grass," and declared the new guardians had been exposed "to a species of lying vagabondage." When this had gone on for some time, the chairman mildly ventured to interfere, but Mr. Watkins took up the theme, and accused sundry persons of lying, of perjury, of malice, and said that the case of the nurse last dismissed had been made "a cat's paw, and an 'andle by the press. The violent language was continued by Mr. North and Mr. Watkins alternately and together, apparently for the sole purpose of being cheered by the spectators. There was a comparatively patient hearing given to Dr. Edmunds, who in the course of his remarks said he belonged to neither party. During the temporary lull, Mr. Corbett, the Poor-Law Inspector, entered the hall, and seated himself in time to hear Dr. Edmunds state that shameless perjuries had been uttered as to the conduct of the work-house. An announcement by the clerk that "six more inquests" were being held at the hotel opposite turned the current of attack for the moment upon the Coroner, who was charged with holding his inquests on the Monday on purpose to prevent the attendance of the guardians.

The special business to which we have referred was far down upon the notice-paper, but Sir W. Bodkin, after about an hour and a half of the above proceedings, rose to move that it should be taken after the signing of the minutes. It is impossible to describe the storm which now burst. Messrs. North and Watkins had the first innings. Their declamation and that of their friends on the same side was, in short, to this effect—that the ex-officio came down to outvote the elected guardians, that they never came to do the work of the board, and that they were merely puppets at Mr. Wyatt's will. One guardian (spoken of as "the professor") said a man who acted as Mr. Wyatt did ought to be "whipped at the cart's-tail from the Britannia to Cobden's moneyment," and when called to "question" by one of the majority, retorted, "I shan't. I don't mean to be browbeated." "That's right, don't you be put down, Munday," shouted Mr. North. "Why don't the magistrates come and work?" continued Mr. Munday. "Ah!" interjected Mr. North, pointing to the ex-officio, "they are magistrates; look at their wisdom!" and so on; the spectators cheering and hooting most boisterously as the sentiment demanded. Messrs. Foskett, Watkins, and North, deliberately turning their backs to the chairman in succession, loudly addressed the spectators, using at the same time the most extraordinary gesticulations. An attempt on the part of Mr. Corbett to explain that after all ex-officio had a legal right to be present caused the disorderly crowd beyond the barrier to divert their choler to him. They hooted him, told him to shut up and sit down, and grinned in his face in the most outrageous manner. Several guardians on Mr. Watkins's side jumped up and peremptorily told the inspector he was not wanted there, and that he was "a hammy-paid official." Mr. Watkins's next proceeding was to go regularly through a list of seven magistrates, pausing to comment personally and strongly upon each name, amidst the general mirth and applause of the spectators. He incidentally accused one guardian on the other side of being a publican; the retort being "That's as good as a carpet-beater, any day." After these little pleasantries, Mr. Watkins continued his attack until his rage made him almost incoherent; and, having remarked "it was high time those ex-officio were swept away from the face of the earth," he wound up by saying that some of these days Mr. Wyatt would be turned not only out of the board but out of the parish. The worthy magistrate who was the subject of this prophecy and his brother ex-officio had sat during the whole time placid and smiling. This appeared to add to the anger of their opponents; for by-and-by Mr. Robertson, after saying that if this tyranny on the part of the ex-officio continued this "society would be shaken to its very basis," detected one of the magistrates smiling, he made his discovery known by ejaculating, "Why, there's Mr. Healey grinning like a baboon!" A series of amendments, for the avowed purpose of wasting time, were propounded, until after four o'clock, amidst disgraceful personalities and furious uproar. Amendment after amendment was lost, and at length a compromise was affected whereby the following seven names were carried as members of the Asylum District Board:—Ross, Edmunds, Chandler, Bower, Mites, Robertson, and Watkins. This did not end the personality and noise, for a notion of Mr. North's to censure Mr. Wyatt was mentioned. It was intimated that there was other business to be done first. "Then," shouted Mr. North, "let Mr. Wyatt stop." "You'll get nothing out of Mr. Wyatt by intimidation," said that gentleman, as he rose to go. Mr. Watkins, turning to the mob in the hall, said with marked significance, "I only hope Mr. Wyatt will go out as safe as he came in"—an observation which, however, even his friends exclaimed against. The ex-officio then left the hall, hooted, yelled at, and personally insulted to the last. As Mr. Watson left, Mr. Foskett, a brother guardian, pushed against him so harshly and avowedly that one of the ratepayers said, "If you had done that to me I would knock your head off;" and an eager ring was at once formed in expectation that the little difference would be settled after the usual fashion. The anticipated fight, however, went off in sound. Meanwhile only a few of the guardians remained to attend to the affairs of the poor and needy; some scores of whom had been long waiting at the bottom of the stairs.

THE LATE FETES IN EGYPT.

THE Suez Canal fêtes are over, and one order of men at least must rejoice thereat—we mean the Egyptian officials, whose lives, accustomed as they are to "taking things easy," must have been made a burden to them by the importunate demands of numerous and not easily-contented guests. We have already given pretty full details of the inauguration ceremonies, and our Engravings this week supply further illustrations of the festivities.

An official report on the Suez Canal having been made by Commander G. S. Nares, of her Majesty's surveying-vessel *Newport*, which passed through at the opening, the hydrographer to the Admiralty has issued a series of directions for the navigation of the canal. There is no doubt, it is stated, that every vessel will do more or less damage to the banks on passing, but screw-ships going five or six knots will do but little harm. Large vessels should go at slower speed than small ones. Several ships grounded on the passage, but this was caused more by their desire to get through quickly than from any fault in the canal.

KOCHAPPEL'S CHRISTMAS BOX.

It was true Christmas weather. So cold that the snow had lain on the ground for nearly a week, and the Ratzwald village looked rather bleak and dreary till you came to the belt of dark green pines and the bright shrubs that decked the wood beyond the Ratzbach, which was the name of the broad stream (here quite shallow, but lying in deep dark pools towards the open rocky country) which flowed through the fields and went winding and bubbling round one corner of the great wood. Not that it was flowing much now, for it was covered with great lumps of ice that had been welded together by the frost; so that there was no use for Karl's ferry-boat even to carry the few passengers who wanted

to cross, and those who were afraid to go over the ice itself were obliged to walk a mile further up the stream to the wooden bridge, close to the old château, belonging to the Graf Rabensfeder, one of the great mansions of the country, and the only fine house for a dozen miles of the Ratzwald district. The fact of the stream being frozen over made Christmas all the harder for Father Karl, as he was called by his neighbours; and he was a poor man even at the best of times, though he worked hard enough all the year through. He was a shoemaker by trade; but in the summer time not many shoes were wanted in the village, and in the winter people liked such thick strong soles that they lasted too long to give Karl much work; so that if it hadn't been for the ferry-boat in spring and summer, and faggot-chopping in autumn, and shoemaking and bellows-mending, and even a little coopering, all the year round, he would have found it still more difficult to keep a wife and four children, though the eldest, Fritz, who was nicknamed Kochappel, because his round face was like a codlin, had been taken as a learner by Master Schwartz, the clockmaker, who lived at the top of the village, and played the church organ on Sundays. No doubt things would have been a little better in Ratzwald village if the Graf and Gräfin Rabensfeder had lived at the old château; but they had not visited it for more than a year, and for three years had only spent a week there occasionally. It was said that the Gräfin had no heart for the place ever since the loss of her dear little daughter three years before. Especially at the Christmas season was the place distasteful to her, for it was during a grand assembly at Christmas-tide that this great sorrow had befallen her. Four ladies, intimate friends of the Gräfin, had asked to see the little darling asleep in her white and rose-coloured bed in the nursery, and they all crept softly up to the room, the fond mother leading the way. When they reached the room, the fire burned low in the stove; there was no light in the room, and, behold, the bed was empty! There was a terrible scene. The Gräfin fell fainting on the ground when she heard that the nurse, whose duty it was to be in the room, had left the little creature fast asleep in the bed, and had only run down stairs to speak to her cousin, who was servant to one of the guests. Everybody in the château was summoned, horses were saddled, and men rode all about the country inquiring for the missing child; but the snow was on the ground, and people were all indoors keeping Christmas, so that no tidings could be heard even from the charcoal-burners, who seldom answer questions, and many of whom would have stolen the child themselves if they could have got anything by it; or would have tried to find her on the same terms. Only one person was suspected, and that was a laundress who had been discharged a week before, and had threatened to be revenged; but nobody knew where she lived or who were her relations, though it was believed that she came from the great mining district. So it happened that the château was now empty at Christmas-tide, and things were dull in the village.

Nobody could tell how it was that Kochappel felt so moody and discontented the night before Christmas Eve when he went home. Perhaps it was because he would have liked to make his sisters Katie and Lisa a nice present, and was afraid that they would be disappointed to find nothing in their stockings in the morning except two little pewter brooches that he had bought from a pedlar with the money that he gained for working overtime. If there had been more business, so that he could have made watches instead of blowing the bellows to Master Schwartz's organ, he might have bought his father a handsome fur cap instead of a woollen one, and his mother a whole workbox instead of only a thimble and scissors; but as it was—Well he felt so moody that he gave his little brother Franz only one out of the two groschen that were left after his dealings with the pedlar.

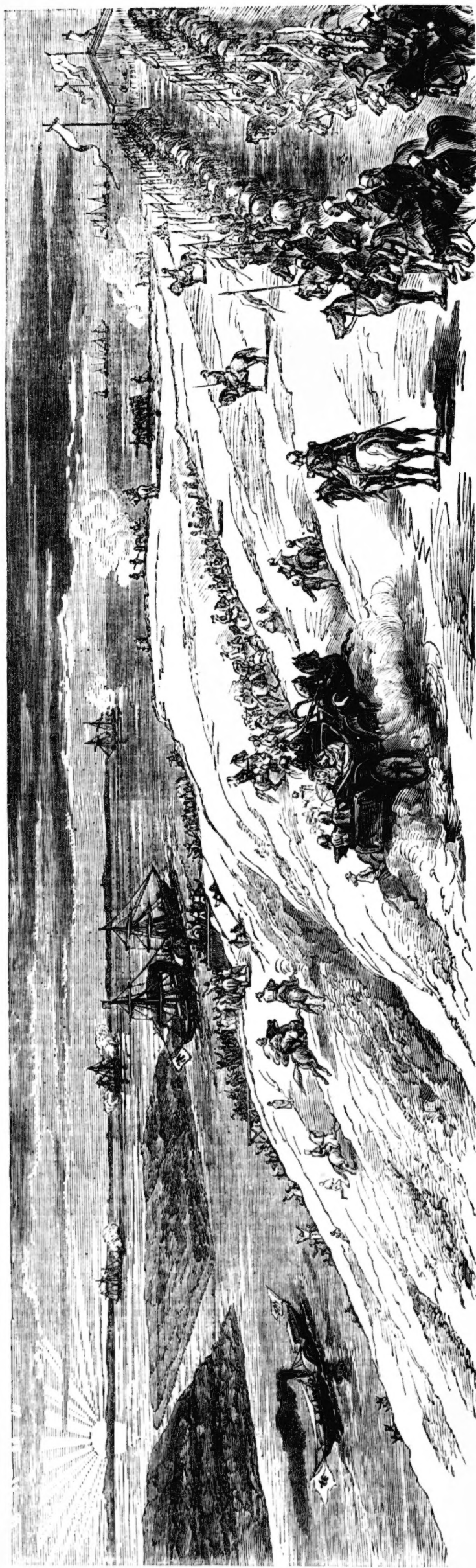
It happened, then, that there was a cloud on his brow when he came down the morning of Christmas Eve, though he had found one stocking full of a great worsted comforter, a pair of knitted hand mittens, and a smart necktie, all the work of his mother and sisters, a lucky stone threaded on to a horsehair watch-guard plaited by little Franz, and a little Bible and psalter, the gift of his father. He felt so ill at ease and in such a moody humour that he didn't like to keep his gloomy face at the family table, and went out directly after breakfast, saying that he should take a long walk and not come back till dusk. Somehow the black bread and fried potatoes and porridge were not quite to his taste either; not that he had been used to anything much better, but there was no Christmas smile in his heart, and he was for the time impatient and under the dark cloud of discontent. It was true that at two or three houses which he passed in the village, the people seemed happy enough; and at one place, where they were putting up great green fir boughs and making ready for the next day's merriment, his sullen looks attracted the notice of an old man who was playing with a dozen children at some Christmas game. "What's the matter with thee, Kochappel?" he cried. "There's nothing wrong at home, is there? Neighbour Karl is well, I hope, and the good mother, and the little ones? What art thou looking so dark for?" And when Kochappel told him—"Tut!" he cried, slapping the lad on the back, "go and find out somebody that has a bit of real trouble, and see if thou canst do them any good. That's the way to cure the megrims. Let the Christmas sunlight of good deeds and loving words shine on thy heart, my boy."

Kochappel felt a little ashamed of himself, but he couldn't well shake off the shadow that had fallen on him; and even when the daylight began to fade and he thought of turning his steps homeward, he was still muttering to himself, "If I could only take home a nice Christmas present for the good father or my dear mother—a gift that would make them all happy just for once in the year—I should be satisfied." He had scarcely noticed what road he had taken, with his eyes cast on the ground that lay all white with snow before him, but, looking up, he saw that he was before a great house, in the windows of which lights were shining and flitting to and fro. For a moment he did not recognise the château of the Graf Rabensfeder, for it was a rare occurrence indeed to see that great glaring place lighted up; but presently he noted the carved griffins that supported the gateway, and the quaint gables and peaks of the building grew familiar to him, standing out white and red against the wintry sky. He saw, too, that a poorly-clad woman—a beggar, he thought, by her rough dress, had crept up to the iron gate with a little girl, as though they were hesitating whether they should go and ask for alms at the grand house. They stood there so silently or spoke so low that he could not hear a word, even in the frozen stillness of the place; but presently they turned to go, and had no sooner passed out of sight than Kochappel remembered that he had in his pocket a groschen for which he had no need, and felt a sting of conscience that he should not have offered it to the woman. Old Father Schmidt's words had stuck in his mind, and he set off to overtake the beggars, who had turned aside into the wood. He walked a good way, and began to think they must have disappeared under the ground, when he heard a pattering of feet and a child's voice crying just behind him; and, turning round, saw a little girl, the same girl who had been with the woman, running as hard as she could crying out for her mother, and begging him to stop.

"Why, what has become of thy mother, little one?" said he. "She told me that, if I stirred a step till she came back, she would beat me, and then she ran away. See, there she goes!" It was true that the woman was at that moment going swiftly in the opposite direction, and Kochappel gave chase, and called to her to stop; but she kept on, and only shouted back derisively. So, fearing that the poor little girl would either fall down and hurt herself, or get lost in the wood, he gave up the pursuit. What was to be done? Night was coming on, and the child, a pretty little thing of about five years old, was crying bitterly. Her mother would beat her, she said, as she had often beaten her before, ever since she lived in the black houses with the black men, and when they went begging about the country. Kochappel could not tell what to make of it; but as the little creature was trembling with cold, he took off his coat and wrapped it round her, urging her to step along quickly. It was evident that she was already tired out; and when



THE LATE FETES IN EGYPT: GRAND FANTASIA BY THE DESERT TRIBES AT ISMAILIA.



DESPATCH BOATS FROM SUEZ SALUTING THE INAUGURATION VESSELS AT THE ENTRANCE TO LAKE TIMSAH.

they were within two miles of the village he was obliged to take her on his back, where her head fell over his shoulder and her little cold cheek rested against his own face, for the smooth look of which he had got the name of Kochapfel. It is strange, but his heart felt as warm as his face by the time he reached his father's door.

"See here, father, what I have brought thee for a Christmas gift!" he said, as he let the little one slip down and unwound her from his coat.

Little Katie and Lisa and the good mother were soon busy about the child, while the lad told his story. The good old shoemaker

scratched his head, with a puzzled look, for a moment; but at last a smile broke over his face. "It is only one more to eat a little of our soup and share our bread, mother," he said; "and we dare not refuse this offering. Let us take it as a Christ-gift for this holy season. My son, thou must share thy dinner with the little one."

"That I will, heartily," said Kochapfel; and just at that moment in came the children, with the little beggar-maiden, washed and dressed in some warm old clothes. She was so delicately fair, now that her skin was clean, and had such fine silken hair, that old Karl started.

"We must call thee Lili, my child," he said, kissing her on the

cheek, "and thou must eat part of my son's dinner. We call him Kochapfel; but he will not perhaps like thee to call him so."

"She may call me what she likes," said Kochapfel stoutly, as he ladled half his soup into her little basin and divided his hunch of bread between them.

The next day Karl and all the family except the good mother and Katie went to the church, and Kochapfel, who had to blow the organ, took the little stranger with him into the gallery, where she kept hold of his coat all the time of the service, and looked over with a scared face. There was great excitement when, a minute before the service began the Graf and Gräfin Rabensfeder, with



A CHRISTMAS SCENE IN GERMANY.

two or three friends, walked into their great carved pew, and folk noticed the Gräfin start in the midst of the service and cover her eyes with her hand. It was whispered outside afterwards that she had fancied an apparition of her dead child looked down on her, and so she had felt her worst fears confirmed; but this was contradicted by others who knew from the servants that the old château was to be opened, and that the Grafen intended living there again all the winter. Even while this was being gossiped about a messenger was going through the village bidding the poorer folk go up to the château, where they would be provided with good Christmas fare to take home with them. They and their families and quite a large crowd had already started in answer to this hospitable appeal. "We may as well go with the rest," said old Karl to his wife, "so put on thy cloak, and we will walk

together; and, Kochapfel, thou shalt take charge of thy little Lili just as though thou wert the Knecht Rupert taking a gift to the Gräfin; perhaps she will do something for the poor little one, and if not we will still keep her, never fear."

So they went up; and there, in the great courtyard of the kitchen, were vast jars of soup, and pieces of cooked meat, and bread, and sausages, and beer, and wine, and pies, and all sorts of jolly Christmas fare being distributed to the poor villagers, with the Gräfin herself superintending it all. "For," said her husband, in a loud voice, "we have determined to mourn no longer for our child, but to make other children happy in memory of what she might have been to us."

Now, it happened that Karl and his family had come quite close to the Gräfin as this was said, and when the noble lady looked

down she saw—a fair child's face looking up at her with great eager blue eyes. "Who is this?" she cried, and in another moment she was on her knees before Lili, pressing her in her arms, and calling her all sorts of endearing names. But, for all that, Lili would not at first leave go of Kochapfel's coat, to which she clung so tight that they all had to go into the château together, and there the whole story came out. Of course you can guess who Lili was? She was actually the little lost one for whom the lady had mourned so long; and I think it was no more than fair that in return for such a Christmas gift as that Kochapfel should now be a thriving watchmaker in Berlin, and that old Karl should have ended his days as general overlooker of the outdoor-work at the château, where Katie and her sister were the Gräfin's own maids.

FRANZ DORR.

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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1869.

SOCIAL RESPONSIBILITIES.

EVERYBODY who knows Professor Maurice at all knows him for an indefatigable, hopeful, and kindly labourer in the great cause of human welfare. No man could well be more thoroughly human, in the very highest sense in which it has lately become the fashion to employ that word; nobody less inclined to take rose-coloured views of the facts of life; nobody less in the habit of handling them with kid gloves. His faith in "the providence that shapes our ends, rough-hew them how we may," and his sympathetic grasp of the solid, substantial truths of human character and educableness, are, in a word, of an order which does not soon wear out. It will not do to affirm that the edge of beneficent energy is easily blunted in those who hold what are termed transcendental (by some called misty) opinions of human duty and destiny; for Fichte and his wife were noble and self-sacrificing workers; and half the gentle women-helpers in the world are transcendentalists at heart. But, certainly, a faith so peculiarly concrete as that of Mr. Maurice might be supposed able to stand more wear and tear than most people's in the inevitable struggle with the depressing incidents of social progress. Yet Mr. Maurice has just been saying in a remarkable preface—we were going to write manifesto—just published, that "the facts of the world, as they are seen in the most civilised portions of it, would fill [him] with horror and despair," if it were not for that interpretation of them which he so emphatically adheres to. It is impossible not to be arrested by such language, coming from such a man; and, indeed, there is a "note" about it which is much more expressive than the bare words themselves.

"The most civilised portions" of human society—"horror and despair!" These are strong words for a serious and benevolent man of the world like Mr. Maurice (for a man of the world he is) to throw at the heads of optimists, and they ought to alarm laggards and dilettante people, and wake them up to some little sense of responsibility. It is a well-known and never-disputed truth that those who are in the thick of beneficent work are always those who are the most hopeful; but no attentive reader of the words of earnest public men of all shades of opinion can help being struck with a certain tone of—what shall we call it?—desperation is not the word, nor is rage; and yet the tone in which existing social evils are often referred to by those who feel deeply about them has a certain accent of exasperation in it; of disgust with idlers; of grief and wonder that no more is accomplished; and of eager appeal for help to all who have but a little finger's strength to spare; as if, unless a long pull and a strong pull and a pull altogether did not now do something in the shape of respectable results, it might well be almost time to think of giving in.

In "Felix Holt," the hero of the story, a man without the religious belief of Mr. Maurice, and indeed without any belief whatever that would ordinarily take the name of "religious," is put before us as being so profoundly affected by one particular aspect of human misery that, without any certain guiding conviction that his success can possibly be more than an infinitesimal drop in an immeasurable ocean of suffering, he devotes himself seriously and systematically to do all he can to help and better those about him, to instruct the ignorant, reclaim the drunkard, and so forth. For this kind of work but few have a true vocation; though nobody is entitled to refuse such help in it as he can, with justice to other claims upon him, render. But one thing is in the power of every human being who has social work to do—not forgetting the journalist—namely, to do that work under a constant sense of responsibility in presence of the enormous mass of wrong and suffering which seems occasionally to appall the seasoned and hardy veterans of social duty.

THE LATE HEAVY GALE.—During the heavy gale of Monday and Tuesday the Lowestoft life-boat *Leitia*, of the National Institution, was happily instrumental in saving the crew, consisting of eight men, of the schooner *Adrian*, of London, which was totally wrecked on the Holm Sands; and the Princess of Wales life-boat, at Holyhead, which also belongs to the life-boat society, and a steam-tug, assisted to a safe position a distressed schooner and her crew. The Institution's life-boats *Quiver*, at Margate, and *Sisters*, at Pakefield, Suffolk, also went out, in reply to signals of distress, during the gale, to the assistance of the crews of disabled vessels.

DEATH OF DR. BRYSON, M.D., F.R.S.—Dr. Alexander Bryson, honorary physician to the Queen and lately Director-General of the Navy Medical Department, died on the 12th inst., at his residence at Barnes, aged sixty-seven. The deceased gentleman began his medical studies in Edinburgh. He also studied in Glasgow, where he took his M.D. degree, and was admitted a member of the Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons, Glasgow. He was also a Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, London. Dr. Bryson has seen a great deal of active service, and is well known as the author of works "On the Climate and Diseases of the African Station," "Epidemics of Sierra Leone," "Statistical Reports on the Health of the Navy," &c. He received the appointment of Director-General of the Navy Medical Department on the resignation of that office by Sir John Liddell, in 1864.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

HER MAJESTY held a Council at Windsor, last Saturday, at which Lord Stratford de Redcliffe and Earl de Grey and Ripon were invested with the Garters vacant through the death of the Marquis of Westminster and the Earl of Derby. Alderman and Sheriff Causton and Sheriff Vallentin received the honour of knighthood.

PRINCESS CHRISTIAN laid the foundation-stone of the new chancel of Windsor parish church on Monday. The Bishop of Winchester assisted at the ceremony.

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE LEOPOLD, who is now at Windsor Castle, has been suffering from a severe illness. The *Court Newsman* however, we are glad to see, states that "Prince Leopold is going on most satisfactorily, and will be able to go to Osborne this week."

THE EIGHTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE DEATH OF THE PRINCE CONSORT falling on Tuesday, a special service was held in the Royal mausoleum, Frogmore, which was attended by the Queen, the Prince of Wales, and Princesses Louise and Beatrice.

THE DUCHESS OF ARGYLL was seized with severe illness after returning from Alnwick Castle to Inverary a few days ago, and is in a condition which causes much alarm to her friends.

PARLIAMENT has been further prorogued, by proclamation published in Tuesday's *Gazette*, to Feb. 8 next, then to meet for the dispatch of business. Convocation will assemble on the following day.

MR. BRIGHT has appointed Mr. E. Stanley Jones, son of the late Mr. Ernest Jones, to a temporary clerkship in the Register-General of Seamen's Office.

THE SECRETARY OF STATE FOR WAR has ordered the erection of a large military prison on the western heights of Dover.

THE ELECTION OF DR. WILBERFORCE to the bishopric of Winchester was confirmed without opposition at Bow Church last Saturday. His Lordship afterwards proceeded to Windsor Castle, where, with the Bishop of Carlisle, he did homage on his appointment. Dr. Wilberforce was at the same time invested with the office of Prelate of the Order of the Garter.

THE BISHOP OF LONDON has lately refused to ordain two candidates for Anglican orders because they believe in the Real Presence.

SIR JOHN COWELL has forwarded from the Lord Steward's Department of her Majesty's household a present of game, consisting of twenty brace of pheasants, for the use of the patients in the Westminster Hospital. A similar present was made to the Charing-cross Hospital.

MR. R. B. W. LINGEN, secretary to the Committee of Council on Education, will, at the commencement of the ensuing year, succeed the Right Hon. G. A. Hamilton as permanent Secretary to the Treasury.

FATHER HYACINTHE sailed from New York last Saturday for France.

MR. CHARLES DICKENS will distribute the prizes to the students of the Birmingham and Midland Institute on Thursday, Jan. 6, 1870, in the Townhall, Birmingham.

MR. WHITMORE, the member for Bridgnorth, has announced his intention of resigning his seat on the reassembling of Parliament. It is stated that Mr. W. H. Foster, son of Mr. W. O. Foster, of Apley Park, near Bridgnorth, will be brought forward for the vacant seat.

MR. DAVID WILLIAMS, M.P. for Merionethshire, died at Castellendraith, on Wednesday afternoon. He was sixty-eight years old. The late member unsuccessfully contested the county twice, but was returned as the first Liberal member for Merionethshire at the last general election. Owing to continued ill-health he voted once only last Session, and that was on the occasion of the second reading of the Irish Church Bill.

MR. JOHN PROCTOR, the artist, is anxious it should be known that he has ceased to have any connection with *Will o' the Wisp*.

MR. J. B. SMITH, M.P. for Stockport, and Mr. Kirk, M.P. for Newry, have added their names to those of many other members of the House of Commons who had previously joined the National Education League. Several additional subscriptions of considerable amount have also been received, amongst them being one of £500 from Mr. Joseph Cowen, jun., Newcastle-on-Tyne.

THE REV. T. BINNEY'S CONGREGATION, on Tuesday evening, presented him with a sum of £1339 15s. as a testimonial on his retirement after a pastorate of more than forty years. Mr. S. Morley, M.P., presided at the meeting, and was supported by Mr. E. Miall, M.P., the Revs. Dr. Raleigh, Dr. Hailey, Dr. Stoughton, E. White, and other gentlemen.

THE DEATH is announced of Dr. Peter Austin Nuttall, the author of numerous educational and classical works, the last of the former being the "Standard Dictionary," and afterwards a "Scientific Dictionary."

TWO MORE CLAIMS were, on Tuesday, made against the Brighton Railway Company in respect of the collision at New-cross in June last. Compensation to the amount of £1500 was given in one case, and £550 in the other.

THE FIRST TWO MEN in the Moral Science Tripos at Cambridge are bracketed—viz., Garden, of Christ's; and West, of Trinity. The former comes from the City of London School; the latter is the son of the Principal of Caversham College. Both are Nonconformists.

THE GREAT METROPOLITAN CATTLE MARKET of the year was held on Monday, and the general quality of the meat offered for sale is said to have been good. The number of beasts at the market was 6738; and of sheep, 17,460.

A RUSSIAN EXPEDITION, numbering 1500 men, has started for the Balkan Bay of the Caspian Sea to attempt the discovery of a means of connecting the Caspian and Aral Seas by the bed of the ancient river Amudja.

HINSON, the Wood-green murderer, was executed within the walls of Newgate on Monday morning. During his last hours he expressed his deep penitence for the crime which he had committed.

M. FELIX PYAT has once more gone into exile rather than appear to the prosecution instituted against him.

FIFTEEN HUNDRED SOUTH-WEST LANCASHIRE COLLIERIES met near Bolton on Monday to thank their employers for an advance of wages, to promote the eight hours' movement, and to petition Parliament in favour of passing a satisfactory Mines Regulation Bill.

A NEW TURKISH LOAN for £12,000,000 was announced on the Stock Exchange on Monday. The bonds bear 6 per cent interest from Oct. 1 last, payable half-yearly. The price of issue is about 58½, and, including reimbursement, the return is calculated at 11½ per cent.

THE SERIES OF MARBLE TABLEAUX, by Baron Trignetti, on the north and south interior walls of the Albert Memorial Chapel, were completed last Saturday, in readiness for their inspection by her Majesty the Queen and Royal family.

DISASTROUS FLOODS have taken place at Pisa from the extraordinary rising of the Arno. According to the latest accounts, the river had subsided, and no further danger is apprehended. It is supposed, however, that forty persons perished during the inundation; fifteen bodies have been recovered.

FOUR MEN entered a gunshop in Dame-street, Dublin, on Tuesday morning, and, having fired two ineffectual shots at the owner, suddenly left. Some time afterwards a similar number of men visited the shop of another gunsmith, on Arran-quay, fired at the shopman, and carried off two pistols. No arrests have been made.

VERDI HAS PRESENTED TO THE DAUGHTER OF HIS LIBRETTIST, PIAVE, the sum of 10,000l. He has also requested that the pension of 6000l. a year attached to his Chevalier's order of Civil Merit of Savoy be paid to two poor pupils of the school of Busseto who have distinguished themselves for their talent and zeal.

THE PUNISHMENT OF THE LASH was, last Saturday, carried out upon eight garroters who had been sentenced by Mr. Justice Lush at the Leeds Assizes. The convicts dread the lash to a degree which illustrates the wisdom of the Legislature in giving Judges the power of ordering its infliction.

MR. RAWLINSON, C.E., who was appointed by the Home Secretary to inquire into the complaints of the people of Barking with reference to the alleged pollution of the Thames by the Main-Drainage Works, has presented his report. He considers that the absence of any system of drainage in the town of Barking is more prejudicial to the health of the inhabitants than the proximity of the outfall of the London sewage.

VICE-CHANCELLOR STUART, being unable to see why a period of three years should be required to wind up a public company, has intimated that all official liquidators conducting business in his chambers must report to him from time to time the condition of the winding-up matters with which they are intrusted. He had never yet seen a winding-up conducted in a thoroughly satisfactory manner.

A CHARGE OF CHILD-STEALING was brought against an old woman, on Monday, at the Thames Police Court. The infant, four months old, was under the care of a maid-servant, who transferred her little charge to the prisoner on the latter offering to nurse it. She suddenly disappeared, and some time afterwards the child was found upon the pavement of a crowded street, with its shoulder dislocated, and robbed of the shawl in which it was wrapped. The prisoner was committed for trial.

A STOKER ON THE MEATH RAILWAY was fired at, last Saturday evening, on the down train, near Kilmessan station. He saw the man who fired at him deliberately take his aim. Some grains pierced his hat, and the rest of the charge broke the panel of the door of an empty compartment of a second-class carriage. The steward of Mr. Hornidge, Castletown, Westmeath, is reported to have been fired at and severely wounded.

TWO DEPUTATIONS in favour of abolishing University tests waited upon Mr. Gladstone, on Wednesday—one from the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, and the other comprising representatives of various Nonconformist bodies. The Premier was understood to say that it was impossible to give a definite reply to the request of the deputations until the nearer approach of the meeting of Parliament enabled the Government better to judge of the state of public business.

THE LOUNGER.

IF France should next February abrogate or suspend the action of the famous French treaty negotiated by the French Emperor and Richard Cobden in 1859-60, what will England do? Will the English Government recommend and the British Parliament sanction retaliation by re-enacting the old protective duty on French goods—wines, silks, gloves, watches, clocks, &c.? I will venture to assert that England will do no such thing. If France will not take what she wants of us—if she shall insist upon having bad articles manufactured in France instead of good articles made here, and dear articles instead of cheap—so much the worse for her. We cannot afford to follow her foolish example. No doubt Messrs. Newdegate, and Staveley Hill, and Holt, and other rampant "Revivers," would fill the air with their threatenings; but, all the noise notwithstanding, we should not do it. It is still common to hear from Conservatives—and, indeed, from many so-called free-traders—that Cobden in 1859-60 made a mistake. But the veteran free-trader made no mistake. He got all he could, acting upon the old proverb that half a loaf is better than no bread; and there cannot be a doubt that to both nations the treaty has been a great advantage. Mr. John Noble says:—"It is no doubt true that reciprocity is desirable; the full benefits of free trade will not be secured until it becomes universal; but it is rendered clear by the figures already quoted that, so far as the industry of Great Britain and Ireland is concerned, 'one-sided' free trade has not only been no disadvantage, but a positive good." Mr. Noble's masterly pamphlet, "Free-Trade, Reciprocity, and Revivers," has already been recommended in this column. I again entreat my readers to get it and study the "figures quoted" therein; and, if their heads be not as opaque as millstones, they will see that, whatever the French may do, it is impossible for us to recur to Protection. *Vestigia nulla retrorsum*—no retracing of steps. Having, after infinite struggling, got safely through the slough of despond, we have no mind to go back.

Last week, as I stood in the gallery of the Agricultural Hall taking a bird's eye view of the scene below—the wonderful fat oxen and sheep, the magnificent array of implements, the thousands of prosperous farmers—a farmer touched me on the shoulder, and, on turning round, I saw an old companion in arms in the great Free Trade war. A farmer who advocated free trade was a rare bird twenty-five years ago. I am not sure that I knew more than this one in the county in which I lived. "What do you think of this scene?" said he, "only twenty-five years after the repeal of the corn laws, which was to ruin us all? Nothing of this sort was possible when you and I were young. Do you remember how Smith prophesied that all the land would go out of cultivation and all the farmers would have to emigrate?" "Yes," I interposed, quoting Smith's language, "turn our backs upon an ungrateful country, and wend our way mournfully across the sea, to seek a living for our families which is denied us here." "Ha, ha! you remember that, do you? Well, he didn't go; but, soon after the repeal of the corn laws, took another farm, and is now strutting about somewhere as big as bull beef." "He has prospered, then?" "Yes, I should think he has; and yet he pays at least a third more rent than he used to do." "And what has come to Jackson, who wanted to hang Bright and Cobden?" "Oh! he has just bought a steam-engine." "And Brown?" "Gathered to his fathers, after settling two of his sons on large farms, and another in trade." Then we chatted about the old time and the new, as we looked down upon the wonderful scene which alone showed how all the dismal prophecies of the Protectionists have been falsified. Free importation of corn and cattle was to ruin agriculture. But here there are certainly no signs of ruin. And yet what enormous quantities of corn and other food have been imported! Mr. Noble, in his "Fiscal Legislation"—another valuable work of his—tells us that the value of foreign corn imported in the three years ending 1859 was £57,757,100. During the three following years it reached the sum of £104,362,751. In 1863-4 the amount was £45,837,100. The annual average of each period being—£19,197,757; £34,757,583; and £22,918,550. I have not the tables of imports of other food handy, but I know that they, too, are surprising.

I foretold some months ago that the office of Master of the Mint would not be filled up, and that the Mint would be, in all probability, attached to the Treasury. The prophecy is fulfilled. Mr. C. Fremantle, the Deputy Master, is to do the duties of Master—whatever they are; and to be under the control of the Treasury. This is one of our Chancellor of the Exchequer's reforms.

When Mr. Ayrton was appointed to the office of Chief Commissioner of Works and Buildings there was a loud outcry raised against the appointment. "He is a clever financier," able editors said, "and, generally, a good man of business; but what can he know about architecture, painting, gardening, &c.?" And when, in that speech of his to his constituents, he boldly confessed that he knew little or nothing about "the thing men call art," the outcry was redoubled, and as much merit was excited as would have been if he had been appointed Chief Constructor of the Navy or Commander-in-Chief. Well, I never joined in that outcry nor echoed the merriment. At first sight, I know, it seems a paradox to appoint a man confessedly ignorant of art to such an office; though, by-the-way, this is not the first time that this has been done. Men quite as ignorant as Mr. Ayrton is of these matters have time and oft held the office before. But, on looking at what men who professed to know something of art have done, I really think that it is time to appoint a man who, knowing nothing about art, will not meddle with it, but employ professional men, who really do know something about it. And I will go further, and say that I wish Mr. Ayrton had been appointed to the office instead of Mr. Layard when the Ministry was formed. The country then would have been saved the expense of at least one costly blunder. I allude to the decorations which are now in progress in the central hall of Westminster Palace. Mr. Layard, after a good deal of squabbling, got a sum of money voted last Session to enable him to throw more light into this hall and the adjoining corridors; and no doubt light was wanted. But to break a hole in the handsome roof of the hall and insert a lantern was a mistake. However, let that pass. That is not the worst thing that has been done, or is to be done. The roof is to be gorgeously coloured and gilded, and the Royal statues are to have their crowns and canopies gilt, their faces painted pink, and their robes brightly coloured and studded with gilt stars, whilst the backgrounds of the niches are to blaze with glittering mosaics, looking very much like the tinsel wherewith the performers in shows at country fairs adorn themselves. Indeed, the hall, with its statuary, is to be so blazoned that, on entering, you might fancy that you had, by mistake, dropped into Madame Tussaud's. Now this, I venture to say, is a grave blunder. A little colour or gilding just to bring out the architectural lines is allowable; but to make a noble Gothic hall like this all ablaze with gold and colour is a gross violation of taste. I suppose, some day, we shall have the old Hall of Rufus decorated in this style.

The Duke of Abercorn has now three sons in the House. His eldest son, the Marquis of Hamilton, M.P. for Donegal; his second, Lord Claud John Hamilton, just elected for Lynn; and his third, Lord George Francis, whom Mr. Labouchere and Lord Enfield by their insane squabbling let in for Middlesex. These three young gentlemen have during the last few years cost their father a goodly sum for contested elections. But then we must remember the Conservative leader made his Grace a Duke, and he was bound to show his gratitude in thus sending supporters of the party. By-the-way, do you know that these ardent young Tories have Russell blood in their veins? Their mother is the daughter of the sixth Duke of Bedford—a half sister of Earl Russell.

A correspondent, whose statements I give in his own words, writes to me as follows:—

You mentioned a week or two ago, Mr. Lounger, that you had been travelling on the Midland Railway. Now, I hope you have not, like me, the misfortune to be resident on that line, else your spirit must be sorely troubled by the habitual unpunctuality of the trains. May I confide to you my grievances on this score? Early last spring, being minded to let my

family have the benefit of living out of town, I determined to remove into the country, and to come to London myself daily to business. An important point, however, was train accommodation; and, after a careful examination of the time-tables of the several railways having termini in London, I fixed upon the Midland, finding that there was a train timed to reach St. Pancras at 9.40 a.m. (which would just suit me), and reasonable facilities for getting home again in the afternoon. Accordingly, I selected my locality, provided myself with a residence, moved to it, took out my season-ticket, and fancied myself comfortably settled. I made an omission, however: I forgot railway irregularity. All went on smoothly enough for a time; then my morning train began to get behind time occasionally. From occasional unpunctuality became habitual; until at length the question every morning came to be, not "Will the train be late?" but "How much is she behind time?"—the delays varying from ten minutes to three quarters of an hour. After enduring this kind of thing quietly for some weeks, I wrote to the general manager of the company, from whom I certainly received a very polite reply (they are great at polite-letter writing at the Midland head-quarters in Derby), in which it was explained that the fault was not with the Midland but with a North-Eastern Company's train, with which the Midland train ran in connection; but assuring me that every attention should be paid to the working of this particular train, and every effort made to ensure its punctual arrival in London. That was some months since, but no improvement whatever has been perceptible; on the contrary, matters are becoming worse. I have said that the proper hour for my train to reach the London terminus is 9.40 a.m.; but this is how that time has been adhered to for some days past:—Saturday, Dec. 11, 10.10 (thirty minutes late); Monday, Dec. 13, 10.16 (thirty-six minutes late); Tuesday, Dec. 14, 9.46 (only six minutes late); Wednesday, Dec. 15, ten o'clock (twenty minutes late). Now, it may be true that the fault of this irregularity lies with the North-Eastern Company; but then my contract is with the Midland Company. I have nothing to do with the North-Eastern, and the Midland directors give me no hint on their time-tables that unpunctuality is to be expected. They promise to bring me to London at 9.40 a.m. I have paid them to do so; and they don't stick to their part of the bargain, to my serious loss, damage, and inconvenience. But this is not the whole of the mischief. Irregularity at the other end is nearly as great—that is, the down trains keep time almost as badly as the up trains. Take a specimen, which is by no means an exceptional case. There is a train timed to start from St. Pancras at 6.25 p.m., joining another division from the City at Kentish Town, and stopping at all stations (except two) till it reaches Bedford. I went down by that train on Monday evening; and (would you believe it?) we did not start from St. Pancras till twenty-five minutes after the appointed time! A second delay occurred at Kentish Town, as usual, and a third at Radlett (to take in water, that was), the result of the business being that we were one hour and thirty-three minutes performing a journey of not quite twenty miles, reckoning of course from the time the train should have started. After that performance, I think we may well boast about the marvels in the way of rapid locomotion to which we have attained in this year of grace 1869. I learned on inquiry, by-the-by, that the delay in starting the twenty-five minutes past six down train arose from the necessity of waiting the arrival of an up train, the engine drawing which was also to draw our train down—from which we may infer that the Midland Company is either too poor or too penurious to provide sufficient relays of engines to work its traffic. I was told by an official, on making a remark to that effect, that "there were plenty of engines at Kentish Town; but their fires were down, and it would cost money to get up steam and bring them out, which is wasn't worth while doing"—a statement implying that the Midland directors think mainly of what will save expense to themselves, without remembering, or perhaps caring to remember, that lost time means lost money to their customers, and that such grave irregularities will soon come to mean lost revenue, and consequently lost dividends, to their shareholders. That, however, is their affair; but the non-punctuality of the trains is a serious inconvenience to every one who, like me, has the ill-luck to be A SEASON-TICKET HOLDER ON THE MIDLAND RAILWAY. P.S. I inclose my card.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

Messrs. Macmillan and Co.'s new periodical, entitled *Nature*, heartily deserves, and shall receive, a larger notice than can be given to it in a Christmas Number, especially in presence of a topic like the *Pœt Laureate's* new volume of poems.

"The Holy Grail, and other Poems" is a volume of between 200 and 300 pages; three fourths of which are occupied by poems, which complete the Arthurian cycle, so far at least as Mr. Tennyson appears to intend to complete it. The "Morte d'Arthur" is reprinted, with additions, and those who have the "Idylls" as well as this volume possess the whole series. That series, however, in its complete form is also separately published, for the convenience of those who would like to have it all in one volume. Those who expected any "falling off" in Mr. Tennyson will be mightily disappointed; he never wrote anything lovelier or loftier than what is to be found in this beautiful volume. The little story entitled "The Victim" was never a favourite of ours, but it only occupies two or three pages, and the rest of the book is fine gold. Of the new "Northern Farmer" it is scarcely possible to speak too highly. The farmer is a man whose very horse, by his hoof-beats, seems to say "property! property! property!" and who is—though not, as he delicately puts it, for money—strenuously urging his son to marry where there is money:—

Me an' thy muther, Sammy, 'as been a talkin' o' thee;
Thou's been talkin' to muther, and she been a tellin' it me.
Thou'll not marry for munny—thou's sweet upo' parson's lass—
Nell—thou'll marry fur luvv—an' we both on us think the an ass.

The old man insists that it is chiefly people of property that get to heaven, and his reason is a delicious case of putting the cart before the horse:—

Property, property, 'as ivrything 'ere, an', Sammy, I'm blest
If it isn't the salme o' yonder, fur them 'as 'as it's the best.
Tisn't them 'as 'as munny 'as breaks into 'ouses an' steals,
Them 'as 'as coits to their backs an' talikes their regular meals.
Noh, but it's them 'as niver knows wheer a mill'll be 'ad,
Takke my word for it, Sammy, the poor in a loup is bud.

One short poem, "The Higher Pantheism," may be quoted entire without injustice to itself or to the volume:—

The sun, the moon, the stars, the seas, the hills and the plains—
Are not these, O Soul, the Vision of Him who reigns?
Is not the Vision He? tho' He be not that which He seems?
Dreams are true while they last, and do we not live in dreams?
Earth, these solid stars, this weight of body and limb,
Are they not sign and symbol of thy division from Him?
Dark is the world to thee: thyself art the reason why;
For is He not all but thou, that hast power to feel, "I am I?"
Glory about thee, without thee; and thou fulfillst thy doom,
Making Him broken gleams, and a stifled splendour and gloom.
Speak to Him thou for He hears, and Spirit with Spirit can meet—
Closer is He than breathing, and nearer than hands and feet.
God is law, say the wise; O Soul, and let us rejoice,
For if He thunder by law the thunder is yet His voice.
Law is God, say some; no God at all, says the fool;
For all we have power to see is a straight staff bent in a pool;
And the ear of man cannot hear, and the eye of man cannot see;
But if we could see and hear, this Vision—were it not He?

The Arthurian poems now stand, and should be read, in the following order—first, "The Coming of Arthur;" then, six idylls, beginning with "Gerant and Enid" taking in three new ones now first published, and ending with "Guinevere;" lastly, "The Passing of Arthur." What more can one say in haste? I have read the poems more than once or twice already, and surely it is impossible that any book so suitable for a Christmas gift (among people of any feeling for poetry) can be issued this year.

THE THEATRICAL LOUNGER.

Lovell's "Love's Sacrifice" is, in many respects, the most sensible revival Mr. Barry Sullivan has attempted at the HOLBORN. The play has hardly been acted a dozen times in public since 1842, when it was originally produced at Covent Garden, and therefore it may be almost called new. The opening acts are weak, and Mr. Lovell reserves all his strength for the end; and though I am inclined to think the story of a man who in his youth and in a fit of anger has committed a murder, and whose sin only finds him out when he is prosperous and old, hardly strong enough for five acts, still, "Love's Sacrifice" is far better constructed than many old plays about which it is the fashion to rave. I have said before that the character of a young enthusiast or a romantic lover does not suit Mr. Barry Sullivan. He is not Alfred Evelyn or Olande Melnotte. Matthew Elmore, the old fellow, happy in the love of

his only child and in the devotion of the son of the murdered man he has adopted, suits him far better. There is a certain rough force in Mr. Sullivan's acting which is useful for such a part as this, and the scene in which his enemy beards him in his den and declares his knowledge of Elmore's crime was certainly very creditable. The best acting in the play was again shown by Mrs. Hermann Vezin. I don't wish to see anything better done than her exit, tottering and weak, after she has sacrificed herself, for her father's sake, to her father's enemy, or the shudder and sudden fall when she touches Lafont's hand. Mrs. Vezin never assumes a character without bringing out all the poetry and strength it possesses, and her Margaret Elmore is certainly very fine. Mr. Cowper always plays villains, and he plays them in an old-fashioned and very violent manner. Why should not villains be occasionally polished and their wickedness suggestive? But, no doubt, Mr. Cowper adheres to the traditions of the old school, and would make Iago the most palpable scoundrel that ever existed. Mr. Honey did ample justice to a really funny part—a scoundrel of a clerk to a villain of a master. Mr. Honey's make-up was as good as his acting. Mr. Lin Rayne was the young lover. His dress, stuck all over with white-satin bows, was as detestable as anything of the kind I ever saw; and I am sure this young actor must have something in him, or he would not so decidedly have conquered the ridicule which his appearance suggested. Mr. Rayne's elocution is excellent, and should be studied by chanting legitimate actors. Two small characters were well played by Mrs. Horsman and Miss Fawcitt—particularly by the latter young lady, who is really uncommonly bright and clever.

Mr. Toole has returned to London, and has been lucky enough to obtain an excellent new play in which to make his first appearance at the Gaiety. "Uncle Dick's Darling" is really a charming little domestic drama, and, to my mind, is by far the best thing of the kind Mr. Byron has done. There is a simple prettiness in the story, an ingenuity in the arrangement of the incidents, and a thorough completeness in the construction, which certainly do the author of this extremely pleasant play great credit. Most dramatic works which turn upon dreams, or visions, or second sight, are over-weighted with haziness, if not fog; but in the present instance quite the reverse is the case. The second act—which is the dream portion of the story—might, in fact, be the play proper, so evenly do the incidents flow; and, as the dream ends unpleasantly, the audience, like the dreamer, wakes up delighted. Despite the inevitable recollections—scraps of Dickens, for instance, and notably the *Poet* of *Uncle Dick's Darling*—is a specimen of skilful construction, and is pointed, bright, neat, and well worth seeing. The acting also pleased me very much. Mr. Toole, of course, has a character similar to very many he has played before, and he takes it up with the same enthusiasm and evident love for what may be called Robsonian parts as ever. He has opportunities for fun, for pathos, and for fire. Of the first quality he is a master, and if, when upon the other strain, he does not touch one quite so suddenly as might be, Mr. Toole is still a pathetic actor of no mean order. Miss Nielson, who was the "Darling," played nicely in the lighter scenes, and really well as the dying girl. The character of a rough, honest-hearted blacksmith fell to the lot of Mr. Clayton, who is really acquiring that most desirable, and at present altogether un-English, art of "tears in the voice." Every now and then Mr. Clayton certainly struck home to the audience. Mr. Irving played a recollection of Mr. Dombey admirably. It is the fashion to say that Mr. Irving can only play villains. Well, he certainly can play villains; but I know few young actors who could so thoroughly interpret, both in appearance and acting, the author's meaning in Mr. Chevenix.

I am bound to record the production of a new burlesque, by a new author, at the CHARING CROSS. But it is not a work of merit, and if "Abon Hassan" makes anyone laugh it will do more for them than it did for the "Lounger." Putting laughter and amusement out of the question, it makes me cross when young men attempt burlesque who do not understand metre.

The dramatic entertainment given by the members of the 1st Surrey Rifles, at their drill-hall, Camberwell, on Tuesday, was, as usual, crowned with complete success. In Mr. Pelham Hardwicke's comedy, "A Bachelor of Arts," Ensign Fournier's Harry Jasper—sustained with considerable ease and volubility—will not seriously suffer by comparison with Mr. Charles Mathews's rattling performance of the same part. Lance-Corporal F. N. Macklin, who was cast for Frederic Adelderly, always speaks in an assumed and not by any means pleasing tone. Private Macrone appeared as Andrew Wylie, a part especially suited to his peculiar talents; Private Dix was dignified as Mr. Thornton; and Private Ellen was sufficiently awkward as Adolphus. Sergeant Duthoit succeeded in vesting Matthew with more than ordinary prominence, his attempt to smile under difficulties being highly amusing. Miss Daubeney did her best as Emma Thornton; but the part is somewhat beyond her capabilities. The concluding piece—Mr. Charles Smith Cheltenham's farce of "Mrs. Green's Snug Little Business"—gave Ensign Fournier, who was quite equal to the task, an opportunity of appearing as Bung, the headle; and a character more thoroughly dissimilar to Harry Jasper it would be difficult to select. Private Macrone, as an active and intelligent member of the police force, was exceedingly funny in the love-making scenes; and Miss Harvey was vivacious as Mrs. Green. What has become of the band of the regiment? The orchestral performances were far from harmonious. That the hall was not so well filled as it has been on former occasions was probably owing to the unsettled state of the weather.

CHRISTMAS-TREE ORNAMENTS.—We are in our time making Christmas amusements artistic as well as other matters connected with the grand festival season of the year, and foremost in the work is Mr. Eugene Rimmel. By the exertions of that gentleman and others even the child's Christmas-tree is becoming a thing of beauty, if still a very transient joy. Mr. Rimmel presents the young folk this year with a more than ordinarily enticing supply of articles suitable for adorning the fir-branches. Amongst other pretty inventions there are figures of jockeys in blue, green, yellow, &c., each booted and spurred, armed with the indispensable whip, and poised upon a pedestal, the hollow centre of which contains selections of the finest perfumes, the famous "Jockey Club Bouquet" included. Birds of the robin, sparrow, finch, and other tribes seem to chirrup from tree-twig; a miniature hamper is crammed with samples of "Rimmel's Perfumery;" bunches of violets and other flowers give forth their natural odours, and, on being expanded, become elegant fans; a Chinese tea-chest emits a fragrant aroma; and sashels, crackers, dinner-cards, and so forth, do likewise. The neatest things of all, perhaps, are well-executed busts of the Right Hon. John Bright and other celebrities, the pedestal forming a convenient scent-case. Other designs are the "Girl of the Period Scent-Case;" a donkey and paniers, the latter well filled with toilet requisites; clown, pantaloon, harlequin; a pistol fan, velocipede, &c. Really a prettier or more varied assortment of elegant nicknacks for Christmas amusement for the juveniles, adapted to suit both sexes—and indeed, it may be added, all ages—could scarcely be conceived than those to be found at Mr. Rimmel's several London establishments. It is well worth while to expend a little money with Mr. Rimmel merely to obtain the privilege of examining his stock of articles de luxe.

THE BISHOP OF EXETER.—It is expected that Dr. Temple will be enthroned in Exeter Cathedral on the 28th inst. The *Western Morning News* states that probably seven Bishops will join in the protest against the consecration of Dr. Temple. Bishop Wilberforce has not yet decided if he will sign the protest; but he has declined to take part in the consecration. Even Bishop Thirlwall has refused to be present at the service, feeling that, as he had joined in the condemnation of "Essays and Reviews" in Convocation, he cannot now be a party to the elevation of Dr. Temple to the episcopate. Our contemporary adds that the Archbishop of York (acting for the Archbishop of Canterbury), and the Bishops of London and Chester will be the consecration Bishops. None of these shared in the condemnation of "Essays and Reviews."

THE LOMBARD EXCHANGE ROOMS.—The success which has attended these rooms and the large number of subscribers enrolled upon the books have led of late to various improvements, more especially in the restaurant department, where two new dining-rooms and a smoking-room have been opened, whilst the bars have been enlarged—the shelled and other fish, the tea and coffee, and the general refreshments being all served at separate compartments. Altogether, the establishment is now the most complete of the kind in the City.

CHRISTMAS IN THE FUTURE.

O THERE will be a time
When the Christmas bells will chime
To the music of a meeting,
To the universal greeting
Of the grace that gives salvation,
With the love that saves the nation;
To the gladness thence ensuing,
That will tell of earth's renewing:
But ere then my soul shall be
In the land of liberty.

O there will be relief
From the sorrow and the grief,
Brooding o'er the weary ages
That have read the sacred pages
Of the travail and the pain
That for ever seemeth vain;
Still to find the promise fleeting,
Still to see the hope retreating,
As it fleeteth now from me
To the land of liberty.

O there will be a change
Through the world's widest range,
When the brotherhood is banded
As the Lord of love commanded
When religion shall be life,
Not, as now, a cause of strife;
When the symbol of the Cross
Shall not be of gain or loss,
But of truth and love, the sign;
Then shall living be divine:
But ere then my soul shall be
In the land of liberty.

O there will be a song
When the lords of might and wrong
Shall be cast from power and place,
And the people shall erase
Every vestige of their reign
From the tortured heart and brain;
When the terror shall be dead,
With the lie on which it fed;
When the curse that walks by night
Shall be merged in love and light:
But ere then my soul shall be
In the land of liberty.

O Christmas bells, that ring
In the hope that years may bring
To mankind the consolation
Of the long-delayed salvation,
From the depths where men despair
Let your voices rise in prayer;
Let your music, sad and sweet,
On the Throne of Mercy beat;
For in darkness faith is dying,
And in pain the world is crying—
Let the souls of men be free,
Give us Love and Liberty.

ANGUS FAIRBAIRN.

A HOME CANAL PROJECT.

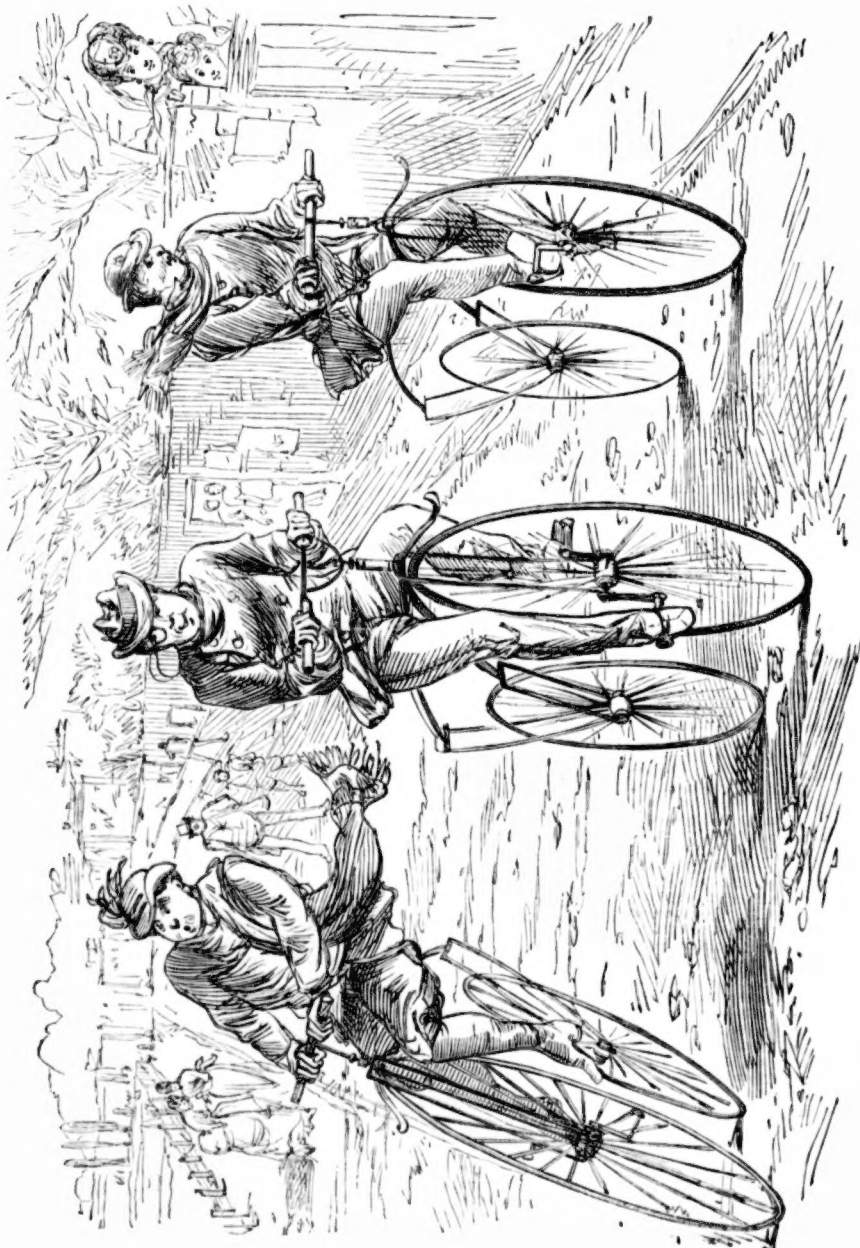
THE successful execution of the Suez Canal has given birth to a new project, which is now before the public under the name of the "Great Western Maritime Ship Canal." It proposes nothing less than to connect the English and Bristol Channels by a navigable highway, available for screw-colliers and other vessels of large tonnage, the dimensions being fifty-nine miles in length by 124 ft. in width, and having a depth of 21 ft. The route is to be from Bridgwater Bay on the north, to the mouth of the Exe on the south, via Bridgwater, Taunton, and Exeter. It would thus open an improved communication between the coal-fields of South Wales, the midland manufacturing districts, the western and southern agricultural counties, London, and the northern coasts of France. The reduction in the sea passage from Cardiff (the principal outlet for the Welsh mineral produce) and the south coast is represented as equal to 290 miles, and there would be a corresponding saving in time, especially as regards sailing-vessels, which are often detained weeks by contrary winds in making the difficult and dangerous voyage round the coast of Cornwall and the Land's End.

One of the features of the scheme is the establishment of a harbour of refuge for heavy seagoing ships on the south coast of Devonshire—an improvement which is much required there. Among other advantages which, it is said, will result from the construction of the proposed canal will be the opening up of a new source of coal supply to the southern counties and the metropolis. The Welsh coal is superior to all others for steam purposes, and not inferior to that from the northern collieries for household requirements, and only wants direct means of transport and to be properly placed on the market to be in equal demand.

The cost of the canal, including harbour and dock works, is estimated at £3,500,000. The receipts expected to be derived from the carriage of coal alone (4,261,334 tons annually) are estimated, at the low rate of a farthing per ton per mile, to prove sufficient to pay nearly 5 per cent on that outlay. Adding to this the tonnage of other mineral and miscellaneous products, it is urged that there is a probability of a very large revenue.

We believe that a somewhat similar project was brought out in the year 1825, for which the celebrated Telford was the engineer. Thus this enterprise is but the renewal, in a new and improved form, of an old idea. The proposition is, we understand, exciting much interest in South Wales and other districts, where it is being favourably commented upon by the press, and meets with the approval of persons having property in the locality. Should it be carried out—and there appears to be no engineering difficulty—it would materially assist in the development of the vast and comparatively unworked mineral resources of South Wales and the adjoining counties.—*Money Market Review*.

THE NEW CAB REGULATIONS.—A meeting of hackney-carriage proprietors was held, on Tuesday, in Cambridge Hall, Newman-street, Oxford-street, to consider the new rules and regulations as submitted by Colonel Henderson, the Chief Commissioner of Police. The meeting was called by the Amalgamated Association of Cab Proprietors, and was requested to express an opinion on the following points:—1. Hackney-carriage license: the price and time allowed for obtaining the same. 2. Hackney-carriage inspection: nature of the same and when to be inspected. 3. Table of fares: what plan or pattern, and what rate of fares, and on what part of the cab to be placed. 4. A licensed number of persons to carry, and not allowed to recover fare for more. 5. Luggage: a "reasonable quantity" to be defined. 6. Property found in cabs: a reward for the same. 7. The lamp, and where to fix it. Mr. J. S. Crocker, secretary to the association, detailed what had passed on these questions between himself and the Chief Commissioner of Police, and submitted the following suggestions as proposals from him:—1. Licenses (£2 each) to be issued on and after Jan. 1, 1870. 2. The inspection will, on this occasion, merely be made to see that the cabs are reasonably fit for public use. 3. In a month to be hereafter fixed the regular inspection will be made. 4. The existing rate of fares will be continued during the month of January. 5. On Feb. 1 next each cab to be provided with a plate, of a pattern to be seen at Scotland-yard, showing the rate of fare per mile and per hour at which it is proposed to ply for hire. The general feeling of the meeting was in favour of these suggestions. It was unanimously agreed that a metal flag to be displayed from the top of the cab as an indication that it was for hire would be the best form of announcing the fare; and the meeting agreed that for the present cabs the present fares should be adopted, with the following modifications:—No fare under 1s.; hansom to charge 2s. 6d. an hour when engaged by time; children to be paid for as adults; and luggage outside always to be paid for. The four-mile radius to be reckoned along the roads, and 1s. a mile to be charged under all circumstances beyond it. The inspection of the cabs to be in September, and the lamp not to be insisted on. The tone of the meeting was hopeful as to the prospects of the trade, under the regulations which will be issued in pursuance of the Act of last Session.



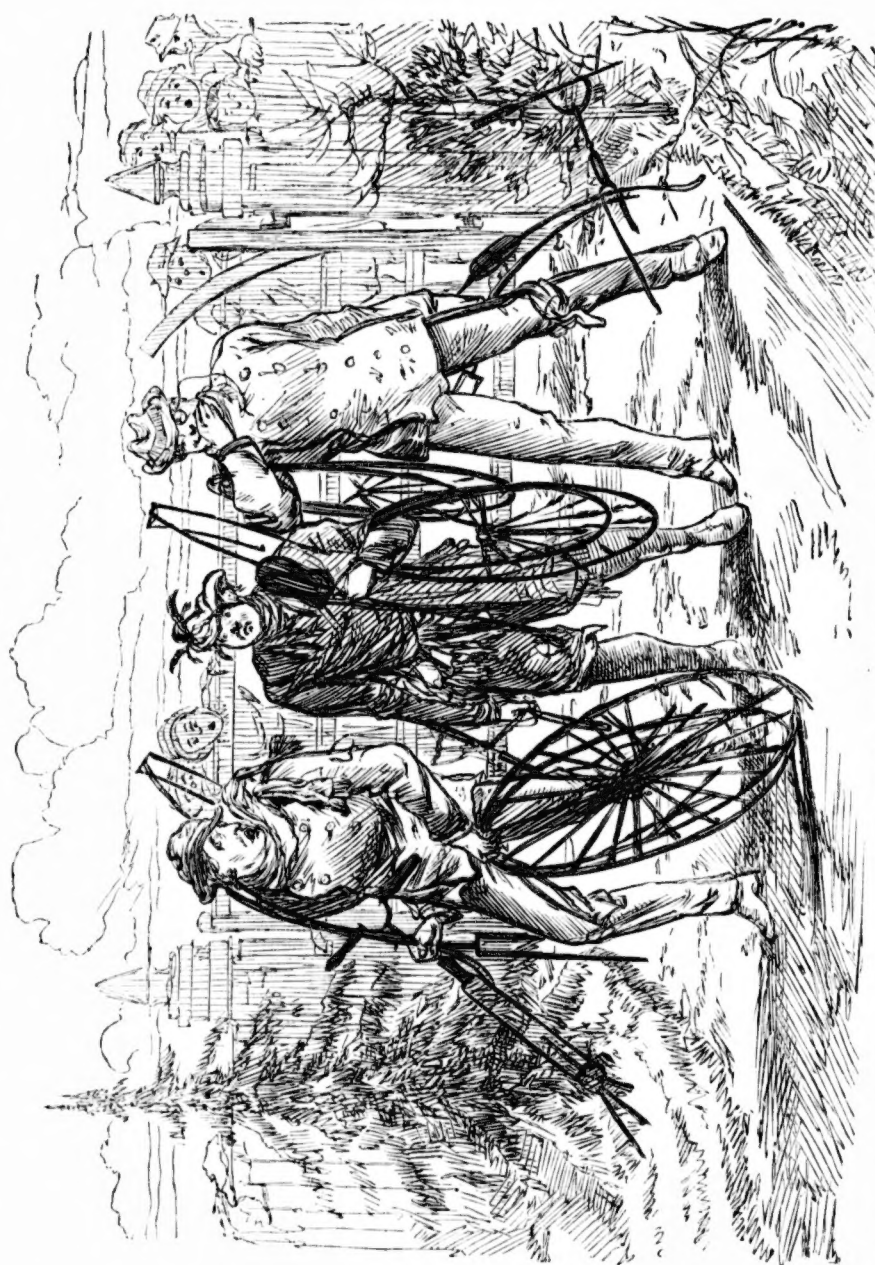
THIS IS HOW THEY STARTED.



THIS IS HOW THEY CAME TO GRIEF.

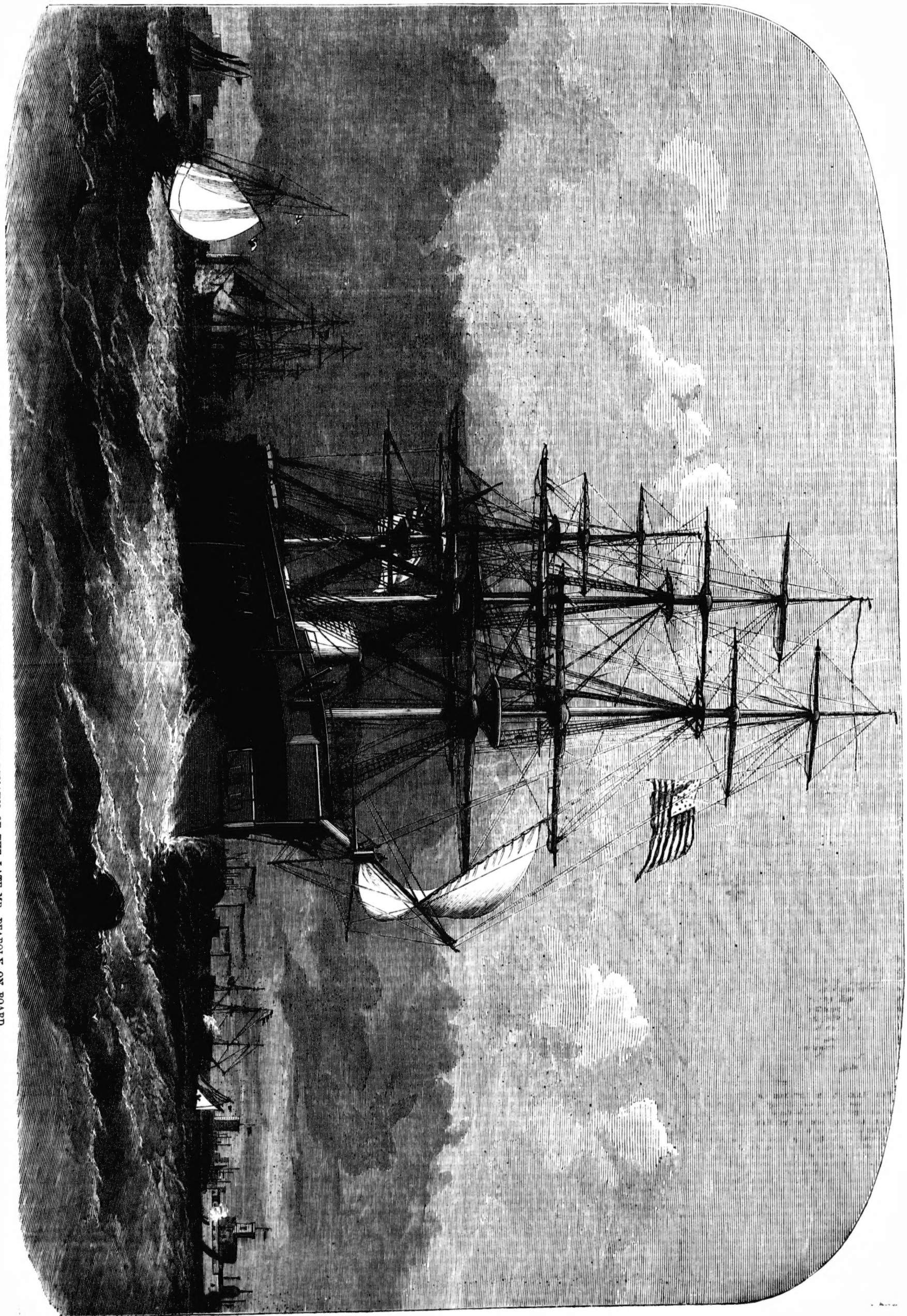


THIS IS THE PARTY WAITING TO RECEIVE THEM.
HOW THREE SMART YOUNG MEN "VELOCIPEDED" TO A CHRISTMAS PARTY.—DRAWN BY A SLADE.



THIS IS THE FLIGHT THEY ARRIVED IN.

H.M.S. MONARCH STEAMING OUT OF PORTSMOUTH HARBOUR WITH THE REMAINS OF THE LATE MR. PEABODY ON BOARD.



THE LATE MR. PEABODY.

THE remains of this great benefactor of the industrious poor of London were embarked at Portsmouth, last Saturday, on board her Majesty's turret-ship *Monarch*, Captain John Commerell, V.O., C.B., for conveyance to Portland, Maine, United States, and the ceremony was attended with all the respect and honour that could possibly be rendered where the last and most solemn of all tributes to the dead had already been paid by the Crown, the Government, and the nation, in the funeral service held over Mr. Peabody's remains in Westminster Abbey. The flags of the two great Anglo-Saxon nations floated together over the ships, the cannon, and the armed men of both assembled there in honour of the dead. The *Monarch*, in all her grim effectiveness as a ship of war, with her monster guns peeping out through the turret ports, bulwarks thrown down, steam up, and the white ensign of the British Navy flying from her peak, lay alongside the railway jetty of the dockyard, in readiness to receive the body on board. On her quarter-deck were grouped her officers, in undress uniform, with Captain J. Commerell at their head, and along the mid-ship and forward parts of the deck were drawn up the marine artillery and light infantry belonging to the ship. A broad temporary gangway led from the dockyard railway jetty to the ship's upper deck, and at the jetty end of this gangway were grouped the Mayor of Portsmouth, in his robes and chain of office, accompanied by his chaplain, the Rev. E. P. Grant, Vicar of St. Thomas's, Portsmouth, the mace (presented to the Corporation by Charles II.), and the various Aldermen and Members of the Corporation, in their robes of office. From the *Monarch* to the north gate of the dockyard (about a quarter of a mile in distance) were posted two lines of marines and seamen, resting on their arms, and facing each other, through which the funeral train would pass to the *Monarch* on entering the dockyard. Looking from the deck of the *Monarch*, the post of honour on the port hand, and next the ship's gangway, was held by the marines and seamen of the United States screw-corvette *Plymouth*, under the command of Captain Macomb and the officers of the corvette, with whom was Mr. William Thomson, United States Consul for the district. The opposite line on the starboard hand was held by the marines and seamen from her Majesty's ships in harbour, and the officers and men of both nations thus stood facing each other under arms, united in one common mission of peace and friendship. Captain Hancock, Flag Captain to Port Admiral Sir James Hope, K.C.B., was in command of the English seamen and marines. Admiral Sir James Hope, K.C.B., and Rear-Admiral Astley C. Key, C.B., F.R.S., superintendent of the dockyard, arrived on the jetty immediately after the marines and seamen had taken up their positions, as did also Colonel Willes, C.B., Deputy Quartermaster-General for the South-West Military District, as the representative of Lieutenant General Sir George Buller, K.C.B., who was absent from the garrison on temporary leave. A large number of naval and military officers not on duty were also present, in undress uniform, and there was a large attendance of the general public, notwithstanding the unfortunately inclement state of the weather. The special train conveying the body and the friends of the deceased from London (which had been provided, free of expense, by the London and South-Western Railway Company as a testimony of respect for the character and virtues of the late Mr. Peabody) was appointed to arrive in the dockyard at three p.m.; and precisely at that time a gun fired from H.M.S. *Excellent*, answered by another from the *Monarch's* bow battery and the sharp blasts of the bugles along the lines of the marines and seamen, announced the arrival of the funeral train within the dockyard, the *Monarch* and all other of her Majesty's ships in harbour at the same moment dipping the British ensign at their peaks to "half mast," and displaying the American ensign flying dipped to abreast their fore-topmast crossrees, the United States corvette *Plymouth* also lowering her ensign from her peak. The guns of the *Duke of Wellington* took up the firing at minute intervals; and amid their sombre booming, with the wind blowing a fresh gale, "soughing" through the *Monarch's* rigging, and the rain falling heavily, the train rolled slowly in and drew up on the edge of the jetty. What now remained to be done was the work of but a few minutes. The black cloth-covered case containing the coffin, having been removed from the railway car, was borne to the ship, followed by the relatives and friends of the deceased who had accompanied it from London—the Hon. Mr. Motley, United States Minister in this country; Mr. Peabody Russell; Sir Curtis Lampton and Mr. Charles Reed, M.P., executors to the will of the deceased; Mr. J. S. Morgan and Mr. Somerby. Behind the immediate mourners came Admirals Sir James Hope and A. C. Key, Captain Hancock, and a number of American and English officers. The coffin, on reaching the deck of the *Monarch*, was received by the chaplain of the ship, and a few moments afterwards was reverently deposited on the bier in the pavilion on the quarter-deck, in official charge of Captain Commerell. Then followed a very brief interval, during which a few words were exchanged between the American Minister, Mr. Peabody Russell (with their friends), and Captain Commerell, and then all not belonging to the ship returned to the shore. The warps holding the ship to the jetty were let go, steam was given to the engines, and as the screw began to revolve the great ship moved away from the jetty, and, under slow speed, proceeded out of the harbour to Spithead, where her anchor was let go, and where she remained until she had taken on board her powder and been swung, to ascertain the deviation of her compass previous to entering upon her voyage. Madeira will be called at to fill up there both ships with coal, and thus far 1100 miles of the voyage will have been got over. From Madeira a southern course will be made, and a discretionary power has been given to Captains Commerell and Macomb to call at Bermuda, should they consider it advisable, under certain possible contingencies, to do so.

After the *Monarch* had been brought to an anchor at Spithead the coffin was removed from the pavilion on the upper deck and placed in the mortuary chapel below, where it will remain during the voyage, the chapel being closed and placed under the charge of marine sentries. On the arrival of the *Monarch* at Portland the body will remain on board for two or three days, and lie in state in the mortuary chapel, which will be thrown open during the time to visitors from the shore. Cabin accommodation has been provided on board the *Monarch* for Mr. Peabody Russell, who, it is understood, will take passage in the ship to Portland. The United States screw-corvette *Plymouth*, Captain Macomb, steamed out of Portsmouth harbour on Sunday forenoon, and joined the *Monarch* at Spithead anchorage.

THE ANNUAL OBSERVANCE OF FOUNDER'S DAY took place at the Charterhouse School on Monday. The Premier and the Lord Chancellor were amongst the guests at the banquet in the evening.

THE LIBELS ON SIR JOSEPH HAWLEY.—The only case of interest which occupied attention on Wednesday at the Central Criminal Court was the prosecution of the *Sporting Times* and the *Man About Town*, for having published defamatory libels upon Sir Joseph Hawley. The latter had scratched two horses which he had entered for the Liverpool Cup, when the journals above mentioned inserted some very severe comments upon the conduct of the sporting Baronet, and adversely criticised his turf policy generally in no measured terms. In both papers an apology and a retraction had been inserted, but the cases were still pressed. Dr. Shorthouse, the proprietor of the *Sporting Times*, was fined £50 and sentenced to three months' imprisonment; Farrar, the printer and publisher of the paper, was liberated on his own recognisances; and the proprietor of the *Man About Town* was fined £25.

LONDON PAUPERISM.—How to deal with the ever-increasing number of paupers in the metropolis was the subject of a conference at St. John's College, on Wednesday, in which ministers of various denominations took part. The President of the Poor-Law Board addressed the meeting at some length, suggesting that by a system of registration the guardians and the numerous charitable bodies might combine a plan of action which would expand the action of the poor law, while preventing the issue of indiscriminate subsidies to pauperism. The right hon. gentleman shadowed forth a plan by which he thought a fairly-accurate register might be prepared within six weeks, showing who were in receipt of either poor or charitable relief. From the conversation which followed Mr. Goschen's speech it appears that the idea of the Poor-Law Board is to be carried out in some of the East-End parishes.

CHURCH RATES IN POPLAR.

FOR some months past there has been a church-rate dispute in Poplar, and on Tuesday it approached a step nearer a termination. For some years the vestry has levied a rate under the authority of a local Act, some clauses of which are not affected by the Church Rate Abolition Act of 1868. In the month of June in the present year a church rate of 2d. in the pound was made for the parish of All Saints'. This was considered by many persons in the parish to be an excessive, and therefore illegal, demand, and an agitation was commenced to oppose it. The other rates were paid, but the item under the head of "church rate" was refused, and placards were distributed advising the inhabitants to join in the refusal. A society was at once formed under the title of the Poplar Anti-Church-Rate Association, and they resolved to test the legal validity of the impost. The services of Mr. Bennett, the solicitor to the Liberation Society, were called in accordingly. The case of the objectors was, that although a rate might be allowable for purely ecclesiastical purposes only, this particular rate was not only excessive in amount, but required for purposes which did not come under the technical description. The compulsory rate included the following items:—Maintenance of the Rector, £450; afternoon lecturer, £100; and some other minor salaries, the total of which would be met with a three-farthling rate, leaving a balance of £100 over. The rate made by the parish authorities would produce £2000, or £1300 more than they were entitled to. This, with the prevailing poverty and depression of trade in the East-End, and the majority of Dissenters there are in the parish where the levy is made, was felt to be a peculiar grievance, especially as in the estimate an item of £400 was entered for repairing the church. This the association regarded as absolutely illegal. A body of more than one hundred protesters, when summoned for non-payment in October, appeared before the magistrates, with Mr. Bennett to conduct their cause. At first the justices seemed disinclined to hear him; but, with his usual perseverance, he showed his *locus standi*, and maintained his argument with such effect that the Bench, confessing they were not prepared just then to go fully into the matter, deferred decision. There was considerable local excitement at the time. On Tuesday morning the judgment was given. Mr. H. Green, Mr. Charrington, and Mr. White were the magistrates on the bench. Mr. Bennett, being professionally engaged elsewhere, was unable to appear; but Mr. Hilliard, secretary of the association, handed to the chairman a letter from him, explaining the position in which he was placed, and craving another adjournment in consequence. The chairman (Mr. Green) thought this was really not necessary, as the magistrates, in the most kindly spirit to all concerned, had come to a decision after taking counsel's opinion. Under the circumstances, they felt they were bound to issue the usual warrants for the payment of the rate; but they had recommended the parish authorities to test a case with one or other of the large railway companies, some of whom had still refused to pay. It would, of course, be understood that the decision in the case tried would decide others, and that meanwhile no action should be taken for the recovery of the rates objected to. This was the opinion they had arrived at after mature deliberation, and it was the one which they thought would not wound the feelings of any one—a thing they were particularly anxious to avoid. In the name of the Anti-Church Rate Association, Mr. Hinton thanked the magistrates for their fairness, and assured them this was the spirit in which they wished the case to be tried, although they still steadfastly held to their belief as to the distinct illegality of the rate. The parties then retired, and there seemed to be general satisfaction that a contention, which in the autumn threatened much bitterness, had so far been settled.

THE ORGANISATION OF CHARITABLE RELIEF.

A MEETING was held on Tuesday evening, at the St. Mary Charterhouse Schoolroom, Golden-lane, for the purpose of considering the best means of organising charitable relief in the neighbourhood. Mr. W. McCullagh Torrens occupied the chair. The chairman, in opening the meeting, said he had much pleasure in attending to hear the opinion of those present as to the best means of relieving the great amount of distress which existed in the neighbourhood. He had but a few days ago been asked to take part in a meeting in a different part of the borough, convened by a number of working men, for the purpose of petitioning for aid to assist them in emigrating, and he did so on condition that, should that aid be afforded, it should not be obtained by any additional burden on the rates. He could not give his adherence to any scheme for obtaining assistance by an increase in the rates. He was not, however, present to give any decided opinion on the subject before them, but rather to hear the opinions of those present. He trusted the discussion would be conducted in a fair and proper spirit. It was not a political question—it was a question of human nature. The Rev. Mr. Waldren, in moving the first resolution, said that a more wretched state of mendicancy and imposture than that which existed around them would scarcely be found in any part of London; this was to a great extent due, he thought, to the bad administration of charitable relief. Clergymen of different denominations were pitted against one another, and relief was given by a clergyman almost as a bribe to induce the recipient to attend the place of worship over which he presided. Other clergymen of various denominations did the same thing, and the result was to encourage imposture and hypocrisy. He thought it would be far better for the clergy of all denominations to band themselves together and organise some regular system of administering relief; by this means a great deal of the prevalent evil would be remedied. In conclusion, he moved "That the present distribution of charitable funds tended to waste, mendicancy, and imposture." Mr. Adams seconded the resolution, which was carried unanimously. Captain Milne Horne, almoner of the society for the relief of distress, moved a resolution to the effect that, pending the working of a more complete and general action, it was desirable to make some attempt in the immediate neighbourhood to improve the distribution of charitable relief. The resolution was seconded by Mr. Rolston. Mr. Pattison thought one cause of the prevalence of pauperism arose from the smallness of the amount which the guardians were permitted to give to those seeking relief, the assistance being merely sufficient to keep them from actually starving, while it did not enable them to procure the means of earning a livelihood. They thus became habitual paupers and ultimately beggars, and it was then a very difficult thing to bring them into the way of working for a living again. There was a large army of professional beggars in London at the present time, and he thought that an organised system of relief would have the effect of considerably reducing the number. After a few remarks from Dr. Hawksley, the resolution was put and carried. Dr. Stallard then moved the appointment of a committee to take the matter into consideration; and, the resolution having been seconded and carried, the meeting separated, after a cordial vote of thanks to the chairman.

THE OPPOSITION TO DR. TEMPLE.—Wednesday's *Guardian*, in an extended report of the confirmation of Dr. Temple's election, furnishes some particulars in themselves sufficiently ludicrous, but which are painfully illustrative of the spirit in which the legal "opposition" to the new Bishop of Exeter was adopted. The opposers, it seems, traversed the whole position—that is to say, they objected to Dr. Temple's confirmation on all possible grounds. They commenced by requiring proof that the Bishop-elect having been "born in lawful wedlock," and proof that he was "a prudent and discreet man, and eminent for his knowledge of the Holy Scriptures, and for his life and morals deservedly commended." As it was only known on the previous day that these objections would be raised, it is even said that Dr. Temple's sister (some years older than himself) had to be telegraphed for in the night to give secondary evidence on the first point, and Mr. Lingen roused from his bed to speak—after thirty years' intimacy—as to the second. Among the proctors who had been appointed to appear for the Dean and Chapter were Mr. Arthur James Day and Mr. John Hassard, who had been intrusted with the perusing of Dr. Temple's papers; and they were ready with the affidavits which the extraordinary tactics of the opposition had rendered necessary.

Literature.

The Crust and the Cake. By EDWARD GARRETT, Author of "The Occupations of a Retired Life." London: Tinsley Brothers.

This story originally appeared in the *Sunday Magazine*, and has all the characteristics which might be expected in the circumstances, and some which certainly would not be expected by any one who was not acquainted with the sort of literature which the publishers of that magazine provide for Sunday reading. The narrative has nothing to distinguish it from an ordinary novel except that the workmanship is infinitely better than that of the enormous majority of novels; that there is real faculty of a fine quality in the author of it; and that the tone is infinitely higher than ordinary novelists can reach up to. There are touches of rugged humour, and some fine studies of character. The children are well drawn; and everybody will like Margaret. There is an effective story; and, in brief, this is a book of high merit, that will repay careful reading.

Now for the drawbacks. In the first place, there is a curious want of shading, with an absence of natural hesitation, which produces an effect that we do not know how to characterise without using the word *hard*—though, to make a bad joke, that is a hard word to use about so good a novel. Again, Mr. Garrett belongs to that class of writers (of whom the most striking examples we can call to mind are Mr. George MacDonald and Mr. E. Tainsh) who are always informing us what God does and what God means, with a confidence which excites doubt in the minds of all but acquiescent people. In a word, although the action of Mr. Garrett's mind in using his traditional raw material of thought and feeling for the purpose of this story is original and admirable, there has been no original action of his mind upon the raw material, as raw material taken by itself. Many an anxious pause would some people have made over these pages at places where Mr. Garrett's pen has evidently not felt a moment's doubt. Indeed, the sharp, unbroken decision of his manner is a little painful, and the key in which the spiritual and moral dicta are pitched so high that the effect is slightly that of a scream. Here is a flagrant case, in which the voice goes on at almost screaming pitch:—

"You walk here for two or three consecutive mornings, and you'll find it pleasant enough," said Magdalen, with good-natured dogmatism; "especially if you come at the same hour. You soon find an interest in every house—in a dog here, or a child there, or an old lady next door. And when you take them altogether, you have a pleasant conviction that there are more decent, creditable folk in the world than some charitable people believe. And as for natural beauties, anybody with an eye can find them anywhere. I've seen beautiful dawns from yonder bridge over the canal. I was going to work, you know, and I had to start early, because I had a long walk. And somehow, I think the soul profits more by any bit of God's glory that comes in one's way when one is going about one's business, than by the grandest landscape one travels to see. Mere scenery is no use to us unless our natures are clear enough to reflect it, as I have seen mountains doubled in quiet lakes. And the tipsy students in German beer-houses any better for the Rhine and the Drackenfels, that they scream about in their broken catches? Is the Neapolitan beggar, that dirty drone in God's hive, any better for his bay? Nay, such people's minds are like the old cottages one often finds among glorious mountains, whose windows are so set that the inmates can see nothing but the cabbage before the door. The nourishment of our nature depends less upon what opportunities we get, than upon how we use those we have. And here is Benbow-place, and so good-bye. I wonder if we shall be friends?"

If this had been half as long and more conversational in tone, it would have been agreeable; but that one girl made this long declamatory speech to another, in a dingy London street, is a large demand to make upon one's notions of the *raisonnable*.

We have only one more comment. The critical situation of the story is one that could not be worked out satisfactorily to the moral sense. The result will afford a grim satisfaction to ordinary people whose whole system of life is made for them; who, if they had been born in Mormonia, would have been savagely-conscientious polygamists, and if in a well-known portion of Thibet (under British rule), savage polyandrists; but thoughtful and sensitive natures will be uneasy about it. Magdalen, of course, did right to act, at all costs, up to her own sense of duty; but a suspicion that her guiding impression of it was technical, rather than moral in any high sense, will haunt the mind of a good many readers, and those by no means the worst. It is easy, when a wrong thing has been done, to cut the knot by an attempt to return to the *status quo ante*, and where the raw material of the question consists of money or bricks and mortar it is not often difficult; but where human beings are concerned the case is altered. There you cannot return to the *status quo ante*; and though it is easy, and yet looks very sublime, to cut such knots with a single stroke, it is possible that a far more difficult and perplexed path might have been the right course, after all, for Magdalen King to take. And, indeed, the case is treated by the author with rare candour, Magdalen herself seeming a little uneasy in looking back upon what she did. But, as love was necessarily at an end between her and the man Gillic, it was impossible to make the ending anything but tragic.

In conclusion, we very cordially commend these powerful volumes to our readers, and shall look forward to the author's future works with some curiosity to see if he attains to the art of shading.

The Autobiography of Flora McDonald; being the Home Life of a Heroine. Edited by her GRANDDAUGHTER. 2 vols. Edinburgh: William P. Nimmo.

We have been much disappointed, and a little disgusted, with this book. We took it up in the expectation of finding a simple, truthful record of a most curious and interesting episode of history; but, as we read on, it was difficult to repress a suspicion, try as hard as we might, that the book was not what it pretended to be—an "Autobiography." That it was the production of a lady there could be no doubt—minute descriptions of dress, trinkets, and so forth, sufficiently showed that. But that the writer had been an actor in the incidents narrated was scarcely possible. And it seems our suspicions were well founded. We find from a notice issued by the publisher—said to be for a second edition—that the book is not the "Autobiography of Flora McDonald," but simply a compilation of "family traditions," made by the granddaughter of the lady who is supposed to tell the story of her adventures in connection with Prince Charles Edward Stuart, generally known in English history as the "Chevalier." The authoress and the publisher affect to think that they did a proper and justifiable thing in calling the book what it is not, and offering no hint of its real character till forced to do so by expressed opinions of the spurious character of the production. We must differ with them entirely on this point, for we hold that neither books nor men should sail under false colours—should pretend to merits they do not possess, or seek to obtain popularity under specious and attractive, but deceptive, cognomens. Had the work been confessedly a fiction, the course adopted by the writer might be excused; that sort of thing has been done before, and will, no doubt, be done again; but with matters of history a different policy ought to be pursued—plain truth and an absence of mystery and pretence being indispensable. Just observe the difference in this particular instance: Had this really been, as it calls itself, the *autobiography* of the Highland heroine, giving us facts on the best of all authority, that of an actor in the scenes described, it would have been of great value as materials for the history of a striking episode in Scottish annals; while as a mere compilation of family "traditions"—not "records," observe, for that would have been a different thing—and made, too, in the third generation, it is simply worthless. And with that remark we may dismiss a most pretentious, and far from satisfactory, book, the materials for which are spread over two volumes of about 200 pages each, when one volume, or even an ordinary magazine article, would have amply sufficed for all the writer really has to tell. The exigencies of "bookmaking" have led to the introduction towards the close, after the story proper has been finished, of a number of rather silly incidents, one of which—a letter detailing the murder of an Italian Count and his wife and daughter—is a mere jumble of absurdities: the Count, a man

already dead, being represented as acting very kindly and being anxious that a thorough investigation should be made into the circumstances attending—his own murder, and declaring that the perpetrator "should be brought to justice, even should the assassin be his own daughter," said daughter also being dead. No less marvellous things than the above are gravely narrated, as the reader may see if he will take the trouble to turn to pages 60 and 61 of vol. ii. Well might the author of this wonderful letter declare that she scarcely knew what she was writing. We are decidedly of the same opinion.

The Blockade (Le Blocus): An Episode of the Fall of the First French Empire. Translated from the French of M. M. ERCKMAN-CHATHAM. With Illustrations. London: Smith, Elder and Co. A book of a very different stamp from the so-called "Autobiography of Flora McDonald." Though also in the form of a personal narrative, it never for a moment pretends to be history, and yet conveys a most real and lifelike picture of a town under blockade and of the events and horrors incident to such a state of things. The scene is Phalsburg, in France; the time 1814, after the defeat of Napoleon at Leipsic; and the narrator an old Jew trader, Samuel Moses by name, whose military proclivities are very weak, while his trading instincts are exceedingly strong, and whose reflections on war and its evils are at once quaint, curious, and truthful. The old Israelite tells his story in the most natural way in the world, interlarding his narrative with quotations from the Hebrew Scriptures, lamentations over the interruptions to business caused by the war, and congratulations on his own and his wife's foresight in first sending off their two eldest sons to America to escape the conscription, and next on investing in certain pipes of brandy, which they managed to sell at "good profits" during the blockade; but without managing to convey a very vivid picture indeed of the condition of a beleaguered town. There is good character-painting, that of old Moses himself being, perhaps, the truest of all; and some of the incidents—such as the capture and trial of the deserter (a mere boy conscript) and the death of Sergeant Trubert—are thoroughly dramatic. The book will be found most excellent reading, and the illustrations graphic, if occasionally a little coarse in execution.

MORE GIFT BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG.

The Book of Manly Games for Boys. By CAPTAIN CRAWLEY. London: William Tegg.
The Schoolboy Baronet. By the Hon. Mrs. GREENE. London: Frederick Warne and Co.
The Great Battles of the British Army. A New Edition, including the Indian Mutiny and the Abyssinian War. With Coloured Illustrations. London: George Routledge and Sons.
Claude Spencer and other Tales. By Mrs. T. MARSHALL WARD. London: Blemrose and Sons.
Buds and Blossoms of Childhood Life. London: George Routledge and Sons.
Tommy Try, and What He Did in Science. By C. O. G. NAPIER. London: Chapman and Hall.
The Household Treasury of English Song. London: Nelson and Sons.
Tales upon Texts. By the Rev. H. O. ADAMS, M.A. London: George Routledge and Sons.
Claudia; a Tale. By A. L. O. E. London: T. Nelson and Sons.

The foremost place on our present list of books for the young is due to Captain Crawley's "Book of Manly Games for Boys," not only on account of the care and conscientious labour bestowed upon description and illustration, but mainly because of the vast importance of directing the restless energy of youth in the playground toward exercises of a fair and manly character. Every brave boy who reads the Captain's dashing descriptions of fencing, boating, cricket, and swimming, will find full information regarding the rules which experience has taught to be the "right thing" in the various vicissitudes and perilous chances by flood and field; and the little fellows who may find themselves at a loss for amusement will be delighted to learn many ways of making a capital game without any other tackle than that provided by nature—viz., bright eyes, active limbs, and the love of fair play. Captain Crawley discourses on every possible manly game and exercise, from "Prisoner's Base" to "Velocepeding," and on every subject he is full of the interest and information that come of a hearty love and experience. John Proctor, in the designs and illustrations, plays up to the Captain with corresponding freshness and vigour.

The schoolboy Baronet is a lad who, along with a hereditary title, inherits just a trifle too much of the natural selfish wilfulness that falls in some degree to the lot of all sorts of boys, high and low. How Sir Percy Hapworth, Bart., of Hapworth Hall, comes to grief, in spite of great worldly advantages, through a proud, vainglorious disposition, is cleverly told by the hon. authoress, and the action of the story is carried forward with so much liveliness, and so much in the order of nature, that there is interest in following the fortunes of the hero of the tale, and amusement in becoming acquainted with the various subordinates, from the brave old Indian uncle and guardian to the obstinate bull-pup, who in some respects greatly resembles his young master.

This is a reissue of a work which, we believe, we have already had occasion to notice. Accounts of the Indian mutiny and of the expedition into Abyssinia having now been added, the book is a very fair epitome of the history of the British Army, the intervals between the several battles described being bridged over by an outline of intervening events and of the circumstances which led up to each engagement. The coloured illustrations, printed by Messrs. Leighton Brothers, are effective; though, like most warlike pictures, sometimes a little overcrowded, and consequently confused. The work, however, is an excellent "book for boys," whose estimate of the valour of the British soldier it will be sure to enhance in a very considerable degree.

In her stories of little boys' lives Mrs. Marshall Ward works up religious instruction with little domestic incidents, mostly of a sorrowful character, and sometimes, as in the case of "Claude Spencer," very tender and pathetic; but all ordinary tales of this description reflect, not so much the mind and feelings of little children, as the mature sentiments of good women. It is, perhaps, this characteristic, when too strongly marked, which renders many really excellent books for the young repulsive to the very readers for whom they were especially designed. It is, however, only fair to say that Mrs. Marshall Ward's little stories are attractive in spite of a considerable amount of what is termed the "goody" element; and there is in them as much of youthful human nature as to make them interesting to hosts of little readers.

"Buds and Blossoms of Childhood Life" is the very pretty title of the very pretty book next on our list, which is embellished with highly-coloured pictures of mamma and papas, and little boys and girls, and is, moreover, full of rhymes about babies, and blisses, and kisses that are rather more childish than the well-known effusions of our baby poets, but to the full as kind-hearted and well-intentioned as the best of them all.

Under the unpretending title of "Tommy Try, and What He Did in Science," Mr. Charles Napier of Merchiston has written a book calculated to make a wholesome and permanent impression on the mind of youth, and, perhaps, more likely to provoke emulation in scientific pursuits amongst boys than whole courses of lectures by the most eminent professors. While the reader is being interested and amused by narratives of adventure and clever sketches of character, the curious ways and means by which the young philosopher gets at the secrets of nature are graphically unfolded, and once more the old saying is illustrated that "the true workman will never want a tool." Tommy Try, cut off by genteel poverty from the usual appliances put into the hands of Fortune's favourites, not only invents his apparatus but makes important chemical discoveries, and, in his single-hearted determination to understand the works of creation, finds his own moral elevation and abundant reward. To furnish the youthful reader with a new manual of English

poetry for service in systematic study and for recreation in leisure hours, is the avowed purpose of the compiler of "The Household Treasury of English Song." The collection begins with John Barbour's description of the fight at Bannockburn, 1316, and ends with a complaining sonnet by poor David Gray, who died only a few years ago. Apart from the main body of poetical selections, there are about a thousand marginal quotations, also poetical; and, altogether, the "Treasury" has in it all sorts of metal, old and new. Should the "youthful reader" be of a critical nature, he may happily distinguish the solid gold from the glittering tinsel. Shakespeare is represented "like a little body with a mighty heart;" and, if there be some with body of considerable dimensions and little or no heart at all, they will serve for contrast and comparison. While Shelley avers that poets "learn in suffering what they teach in song," Tennyson is at hand to tell us that "the poet in a golden clime was born." In a word, there is in "The Household Treasury of English Song" a great deal that is profitable for the student, both as warning and example.

If the Rev. H. O. Adams has a mind to win the world's approbation as a novelist with a decent reference to his sacred calling, he is in a fair way to be successful. It may be doubtful whether people will look up the "Texts," but it is pretty nearly certain a great many will devour the "Tales" with avidity. It is something to the purpose to say that the rev. author has given us twenty-four short stories, every one of them complete in point of workmanship, and thoroughly interesting.

"Claudia" is a story written to the order of mind that desires a religious lesson worked up with fiction, so that the fabulous incident may be sanctified by the true teaching. The manner in which A. L. O. E. marshals her characters, so as to illustrate the predestined moral, is clever; and the whole touch and tone of the little work betrays the heart and hand of a woman of talent and religious refinement.

MUSIC.

We have now to redeem our last week's promise with regard to the pianoforte concerto and orchestral symphony of Mr. F. H. Cowen. First, however, let us say that the young musician has long been favourably known. He was once a boy-pianist of note, and since his return from the Leipzig Conservatoire he has given cause for much hope as a composer; but till Thursday week the public knew little of his ability in the highest walks of art. A good deal is now known, and more can be inferred. The concerto has less importance than the symphony. It shows smaller constructive power, and, as a result, excites a smaller degree of interest. Nevertheless, the work has many features of merit—enough, at all events, to redeem it from the fate which attends so many essays of like ambitious character. The themes are often pretty, and the orchestral colours happily laid on. In addition, the solo music is written with a facile pen, and is as brilliant in character as need be. But the symphony testifies far more to Mr. Cowen's ability; and, in fact, may be considered a work of uncommon merit. The first allegro showed bold, free treatment of original and striking themes. The scherzo and allegretto are charming, the latter especially rising to a high pitch of excellence; while the finale, though slightly wanting in variety, is bustling and interesting enough to keep clear of anti-climax. The result of the concert was to bring Mr. Cowen prominently forward. The young composer (he is only eighteen) has secured an enviable place; and it is now for him to decide what shall be the ultimate result.

We could do no more last week than mention the Sacred Harmonic Society's revival of "Deborah." A few words about it now is due to the interest of the event. "Deborah," written by Handel in 1733, is the second of the great master's oratorios. Its composition was the result of what, in the absence of a better name, we call an accident. Some years before, Handel had written "Esther," which work was brought out in 1732, by a concert-giver of the period, who reaped from it such profit that the composer himself followed suit. Again there was success; and Handel turned from his operatic labours to work the mine thus unexpectedly discovered. "Deborah" was the immediate result. It cannot be said, however, that Handel laboured very conscientiously, since fifteen of the airs and choruses are "cribs" from earlier compositions, while the music written expressly often falls below the mark. This may account for the neglect which has attended "Deborah," though, happily, it has not entailed total disregard. There is enough merit in the grand choruses of the work to secure for it immortality, and to more than justify any society in giving it occasional attention. That this was the opinion of the Exeter Hall audience frequent applause indicated; notwithstanding most present must have been wearied by the forcible-feebleness of the libretto, and the uninteresting character of some among the airs. The choruses were remarkably well given; so that "Immortal Lord of earth and sky," "See the proud chief," and the other notable examples of Handel's power, made the effect which properly belongs to them. Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Miss Julia Elton, and Mr. Patey were the principal vocalists. Each did well, Miss Elton obtaining an encore for "In the battle fame pursuing," and Mr. Patey for the well-known "Tears such as tender fathers shed." Sir Michael Costa was, as usual, a vigorous and efficient conductor.

The first performance in London (at the Crystal Palace, last Saturday) of Mr. Sullivan's "Prodigal Son," excited a good deal of interest, and drew together a very large audience. The oratorio, we hardly need say, was written for the Worcester Festival, at which it made a legitimate success. Among those who heard it last Saturday there was scarcely a difference of opinion about the justice of the provincial verdict. Mr. Sullivan has treated his subject, in its outlines, with good judgment. The story is compact and well told, while the interest of the music is progressive nearly to the end, and always well varied. The structure of the music itself commands admiration. Formed in the school of Mendelssohn, it abounds in graceful, expressive melody, in appropriate orchestral colouring, and in free—though never over-free—expression. When undertaking the oratorio, our English composer laid his hand to a serious task. He has accomplished it so well that few competent judges will refuse to join in the wish that he may soon address himself to another like effort. The performance was, in some respects, very good. Little fault could be found with the choruses; and it may be taken for granted that Mr. Santley gave a perfect rendering of the Father's music. Madame Patey-Whytock was also efficient; but Mlle. Vanzini's efforts were marred by excessive nervousness. The place of Mr. Sims Reeves was taken, at short notice, by Mr. George Perren, whose singing it would, consequently, be unfair to criticise. Mr. Sullivan conducted, and at the end of the performance was cheered with much unanimity and vigour.

The last Popular Concert before Christmas took place on Monday; the fact of its being the last helping a most admirable programme to fill St. James's Hall in every part. Mozart's lovely quintet in G minor opened the evening's proceedings. This work has now been heard under Mr. Chappell's auspices twelve times, and ranks among popular favourites. Its rendering was criticised all the more severely because criticised with knowledge. But little fault could be found. The first allegro, so full of passion and yet of mournful tenderness, was played with wonderful unanimity of feeling. Perhaps, however, the adagio produced a greater effect. Every bar of that most affecting slow movement had justice done to it—the attention of the audience being riveted from first to last. The finale was scarcely less successful, and led to a recall of the performers—Madame Norman-Néruda, M. Ries, Zerbini, Burnett, and Piatti. Mr. Halé again played a Schubert sonata (the A minor, op. 42), and again exhibited his peculiar tendency to check the music from running its natural course. As, however, the work is more intelligible, masterly, and pleasing than that given on the previous Monday, there was less cause of complaint of the result. In respect of Mr. Hallé's mechanism, which is always perfect, there was, of course, no cause for complaint at all. The well-known

"Kreutzer" sonata, for violin and pianoforte, as rendered by Madame Norman-Néruda and Mr. Hallé, calls for little remark beyond that it was hugely enjoyed, spite of manifest shortcomings in the lady's performance. Haydn's beautiful trio in G major, for piano, violin, and violoncello, closed the concert. The vocalist was Mlle. Anna Regan, and the songs given, "Ach ich fühl's," from "Die Zauberflöte;" Schubert's "Schäfers Klage," and "Wohin."

At the next concert (Jan. 8) Madame Arabella Goddard will be the pianist; Herr Straus, first violin; and Mr. Santley, vocalist.

On Wednesday another of the Nilsson Concerts took place in Exeter Hall; and for Friday the Sacred Harmonic Society announced a Christmas performance of "The Messiah."

A FASTING GIRL.

DURING the past summer reports have been prevalent that a young girl, the child of parents in a humble position of life at a little village in Wales, has fasted and has lain in a state of torpor. The excitement on the subject has been very great in the neighbourhood, and a controversy has arisen, one party denying the truth of the phenomenon, the others affirming it. At length it has been resolved that some nurses from Guy's Hospital should watch the girl, and arrangements to carry out this resolution have now been made. The nurses selected reached Wales on Wednesday week. Their names are Elizabeth Clinch, sister-nurse; Sarah Palmer, Sarah Attock, and Ann Jones. It was arranged that the watching should commence on the following afternoon, and the local committee were accordingly called. They met, at about three o'clock, in the house of the parents of the girl. Preparations were at once made for commencing the experiment, there being also present, in addition to the nurses, Dr. T. Lewis, Carmarthen; Dr. Correllis, Landyssul; Dr. Davies, of the same place; Drs. Rowland and Herder, Carmarthen; the Rev. W. Jones, Vicar of Llanfihangel; the Rev. W. Thomas, M.A., Llandysul; and Mr. John Griffith (Gohebydd), &c. The arrangements for the watching were read by Dr. Lewis, and adopted. Then began the overhauling of the room. The girl was removed by the nurses from her little bed and placed in that of her parents. She seemed after her removal from her own bed to that of her parents to become entirely unconscious of what was going on. Her bed was then removed and thoroughly examined. The clothes cupboard was next looked into; its contents were taken out, and the drawers were emptied, after which both cupboard and drawers were locked, and the keys were handed to and kept by the superintendent nurse. Two other chests of drawers were next examined; one was removed from the room, the other was emptied and locked and the key taken possession of, as before, by the superintendent nurse. The bookshelf, the table-drawers, and everything else in the room underwent similar scrutiny—in short, as one of the spectators expressed it, "every rag in the room was examined." The examination of the room being completed, the little girl's bed was re-made by the sister-nurse and she was placed in it, and shortly afterwards returned to consciousness. The parents' bed was next examined with equal minuteness, the bed being turned out, and taken out of the room and stripped, curtains and all, and even part of the paper-hangings on the wall. It was at first intended that three young ladies from the neighbourhood should stay up in turns with the nurses during the night. Some persons having objected to this arrangement, and in order to prevent any possible ground for suspicion, it was settled, with the consent of the girl and her parents, that the nurses only should remain in the room watching the girl during the night. The official report of the examiners is as follows:—

Thursday, Dec. 9, 1869, Llanfihangel.
 Four nurses arrived at four p.m. The whole of the room in which Sarah Jacobs was lying was carefully examined; all the furniture carefully looked into; all contents of drawers removed; the bed on which the girl was lying was carefully examined, and each covering singly; the girl's body, clothes, and her hair were fully examined. Nothing of the nature of food was found anywhere.
 (Signed) Thomas Lewis, M.D., M.R.C.P.; C. S. Correllis, M.D., F.R.S.; Henry H. Davies, M.R.C.S., &c.; George J. Herder, M.D.; D. G. Rowlands, M.R.C.S., L.S.A.; Evan Jones, B.D. (Vicar); William Thomas, M.A. (Llandysul); John Griffith ("Gohebydd"); Elizabeth Clinch, Sister-nurse at Guy's; Sarah Palmer, Sarah Attock, Ann Jones, Nurses at Guy's.

At one o'clock p.m., some two hours and a half before the actual commencement of the overhauling and examining of her bed, person, and room, the following medical statement of her state at that hour was made by Drs. Henry H. Davies and Thomas Lewis:—"Cheerful; face flushed; eyes brilliant; pulse regular, averaging eighty-six per minute; temperature in the mouth, 98 deg., after two minutes' rest. She has a warm water bottle at her feet. She seems quite well, and says she has no pain anywhere, if not touched."

The watch is to continue for fourteen days, at the end of which time a report will be made; and if any doubt still prevails it is probable the watch may be continued. The expenses attending the watch are to be defrayed by public subscription.

A meeting of the committee who have interested themselves in the case of Sarah Jacobs, the Welsh fasting-girl, was held, at Pencader, on Monday evening. It was stated that the four professional nurses from Guy's Hospital, London, had not detected any food being conveyed to the girl, and they were morally certain that she had not partaken of food. Up to Tuesday the girl had been watched for four days and a half. She sleeps well at nights. Two nurses are constantly with her, one being at each side of her bed both night and day. Mr. H. H. Davies, M.R.C.S., who visited the girl on Sunday afternoon, found her pulse at 112 per minute, having thus risen twenty-six since the watching commenced. The girl's appearance continues natural and healthy. The nurses are intelligent women, and appear well qualified for their task.

THE PANTIN TRAGEDY.

As our readers have already been informed, the body of the elder Kinck was discovered some time ago in a wood near Guebwiller, and thus the proof was made complete that an entire family, numbering eight persons, had been sacrificed to the cupidity of the monster Traupmann. Our engraving represents the authorities in the act of performing the sad duty of conveying Mr. Kinck's body from the spot where it was found to the nearest mairie.

Traupmann was examined a first time on Sunday afternoon, by M. Thevenin, the Judge who will preside at the second session of the December assizes, when the trial will take place (Tuesday, the 28th). Three days only have been reserved for this important trial; but as it will be the last of the session it will be possible, if necessary, to devote to it the last day of the year. The Procureur-General, M. Grandperret, assisted by the Advocate-General, M. Marvilleux-Duvignau, will appear for the prosecution.

MEMORIAL TO CHAUCER IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.—A beautiful stained-glass window has just been placed in the Poets' Corner of the Abbey to the memory of Chaucer. At the bottom of the window the Canterbury Pilgrims are represented setting out and arriving in London, and above, the poet is represented receiving a commission to the Doge of Venice from Edward III. At the apex the poem "The Floure and the Leafe" is represented—on one side by the Lady of the Floure, and on the other by the Lady of the Leafe. In the tracery above the portrait of Chaucer occupies a prominent place, between that of Edward Philippi and his wife; below them John of Gaunt, and above Wickliffe and Strode. In the borders the following arms are placed:—England, France, Hainault, Castille, and Leon; and at the base of the window is the poet's name.

INOCULATION IN CATTLE DISEASE.—The value of inoculation in cattle disease is great if we may believe a communication from Russia, which states that in the southern provinces of that empire rinderpest has entirely disappeared. "owing to the system of inoculation practised in those countries." In eastern Russia, where inoculation is not practised, or, at least, not adopted to the same extent as in the southern provinces, rinderpest has broken out afresh, and is making great havoc amongst the herds. Foot-and-mouth disease is reported to be prevalent in Russia, and at the agricultural exhibition recently held at St. Petersburg 257 cattle died of that disease.—*Chamber of Agriculture Journal.*



PEOPLE OF THE ISLAND OF ELEPHANTINE, UPPER EGYPT.

EGYPTIAN SKETCHES: PEOPLE OF ELEPHANTINE.
We have already published some illustrations of the places and people of Upper Egypt, and among the sketches furnished from

artists' note-books of the journey of the guests of the Khedive are some remarkable drawings of the people of the less-known portions of the country to which the more resolute excursionists made a

journey. That which we publish this week represents the people who greeted the travellers at the island of Elephantine, in the Nile opposite Assouan, a place rich in Egyptian objects of antiquity.



REMOVAL OF THE BODY OF THE ELDER KINK FROM THE PLACE WHERE IT WAS DISCOVERED.

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New Sacred Song by LANGTON WILLIAMS, just published, price 6s. "A charming sacred lyric"—Review, *The Westminster* and *Ec.*, 221; *Tottenham Express*, 1902.

BROWN AND POLSON'S CORN FLOUR.

REMARKS ON THE DIETARY VALUE OF CORN FLOUR.

We not unfrequently meet with persons who, with much self-complacency, affect a lofty disregard of what they eat; and who boast that, in order to keep their appetites in subjection, they systematically and on principle eat whatever is set before them, quite irrespective of its character or fitness for the circumstances under which they live, endeavouring thus to carry out the recommendation of Solomon to eat only for strength, not for pleasure. The gratification of the sense of taste, however, serves a much higher purpose than is commonly supposed; for, as a general rule, if the appetite be not blunted or perverted by excessive indulgence, our tastes and our requirements are very closely related, so that in man's natural state taste becomes, as it were, a sort of instinct, and takes rank as one of God's providences for the preservation of our health. In this way we may explain, what is matter of common observation, that a man's taste varies with his age, habits, and circumstances of life. At one time he wishes for, at another scarcely bears the sight of, fat; sometimes he craves for animal, at other times for vegetable, food. Indeed, the feelings of hunger and thirst, which have reference to quantity rather than quality, are not more evidently instinctive than is taste, which regards only the quality of food. As a guide, it may be easily trusted both as to food and drink, if only we listen to its simple teaching, and do not abuse its confidence.

In no other way than the above can we explain the very remarkable varieties in the food consumed in different climates. Witness the Laplander, with his mess of blubber, or the inhabitant of the tropics with his refreshingly cool and juicy fruit. In both these instances taste assumes the part of instinct, and guides the possessor to the selection of a diet which his circumstances render necessary. Hence taste becomes the handmaid of science, and points to a law in the dietary of individuals, telling them what they ought to eat, drink, and avoid. It suggests variation under varying conditions, and notably so in regard to temperature; for, from the two great divisions of types into which all foods are classified—namely, the nitrogenous or tissue-forming, and the calorifiant or heat-creating—it elects instinctively that one which science demonstrates to be most necessary.

A few words on these two types of food will serve to illustrate the dietetic value of the Corn Flour, which is the subject of these remarks.

By the term nitrogenous is meant all foods, whether derived from the animal or vegetable kingdom, which contain nitrogen as one of the elements of their composition, in addition to carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen. These foods are also called nutritious—that is, tissue-formers; and the measure of their nutritive value is the quality of nitrogen they contain. The reason of this is found in the fact that all the tissues of the body—fat excepted—contain nitrogen; and those wherein the nutritive changes are most active—such as muscle and nerve—contain the largest amount of nitrogen. Examples of this food are—meat of all kinds, eggs, milk, beans, peas, lentils, bran, and the inner coat of wheat and flour, or bread; though in the latter we approach nearer to the purely starchy or calorifiant group, and so get further from the nitrogenous class.

The calorifiant, or heat-producing group, are foods which contain little or no nitrogen, but only carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen. Starch, and its varieties, rice, sago, arrowroot, potatoes, and flour; fatty and oily substances, such as butter, cream, and all the varieties of sugar; these make up the class of heat-sustaining foods. And though they do not directly nourish tissue, except where they also contain traces of nitrogen, they nevertheless perform scarcely less important functions in the human body; for, besides assisting in the process of respiration, they develop fat for the protection of the muscles. And, above all, they principally maintain the heat of the body, which is essential for the due performance of all its functions: this they do by the union of their carbon with the oxygen of the air in the process of respiration, in the same way as in the combustion of coal—the residual oxygen and hydrogen being in the proportion to form water.

It is obvious that the effect of a diet in which one or other of these classes is in excess will be to overburden the digestive organs with a portion of food which is not required. This is especially injurious when the nitrogenous class is in excess, because a greater effort is required for its digestion than is the case with farinaceous food.

The real practical difficulty hitherto has been to find such a mixed diet wherein the nitrogenous and farinaceous (or calorifiant) elements are in such proportions as to meet

the healthy requirements of the system, especially in cases where the habit of life is sedentary or the digestive organs are feeble. In all such cases the farinaceous element should preponderate.

Such a desideratum, it is believed, is now supplied in the Corn Flour which we manufacture, and which, when boiled with milk, presents such a combination of animal and vegetable food as closely resembles ordinary beef and bread; while, at the same time, it is in so light and easily-digestible a form as will keep the system fully nourished, when the stronger and more stimulating food would only weaken and distress by its indigestibility.

As a pure starch, Corn Flour is peculiarly fitted for the diet of children. Though there seems to be a general impression to the contrary, it is essentially a heat-creating food, and is also one of the most easily digested. And inasmuch as the proper maintenance of animal heat is of vital importance to childhood, food of this class is at all times loudly demanded by nature. This is attested by the fact that in milk, the very best of infant foods, the heat-sustaining element preponderates largely over the nitrogenous or tissue-forming. The popular belief appears to be that children have a remarkable power of resisting cold. This is certainly not the case with plants; nor is it with animals; least of all is it with man. Heat, whether supplied from within by food or without by clothing, seems almost by itself to give life to young organisms, whether plants, animals, or man. And, according to the recent researches of scientific men, there seems to be so very intimate and mysterious a connection between heat and life that some have even ventured to suggest their mutual dependence. The feeble digestive powers of children and their extreme sensibility to cold are additional reasons in favour of such a food as Corn Flour. Moreover, its slightly alkaline reaction recommends it as especially fitting in those cases where there is any tendency to acidity—a condition which is not only very common, but sometimes very troublesome, in early life, and is a frequent cause of diarrhoea and other digestive disorders. It cannot be too often insisted upon that purity, simplicity, digestibility, and the absence of any stimulating quality are, or ought to be, essential characters in the food of children—and these are the features specially observed in Corn Flour.

It has frequently been remarked to us by physicians and others that in cases of children's ailments our Corn Flour has been retained upon the stomach when almost all other kinds of food (arrowroot included) has been tried in vain, and by this means the turning point towards recovery has been gained.

But it is not in childhood alone, or even chiefly, that this preparation is so valuable as an article of diet. To the man of business, who is obliged to sit long at the desk, and to all whose calling necessitates close confinement, or whose digestive organs are impaired by over-indulgence or the use of a too-stimulating diet, this simple, easily digested, and non-stimulating food will be found an incalculable blessing. It may be cooked in a variety of ways:—When boiled with milk, with or without any sugar or seasoning, but better without, and allowed to cool in a shape, it forms a delicious blancmange, unsurpassed by any other preparation for delicacy and easy digestibility. By its bulk it favours digestion when the heavier kinds of food could not be borne; and, in combination with either milk or egg, it forms a meal scarcely inferior in nutritive value to a steak or a chop, while it surpasses them in the fact that it is easily disposed of by even the most delicate stomach. Add to all this, that change or variety in diet is of great importance to healthy nutrition, and we have another reason for recommending this to public attention. We once heard of a man who was nearly famished on mutton chops, potatoes, and bread, taken day by day without intermission; a change of diet completely restored him. The more variety we can introduce into our food, consistent with other requirements, the better, and hence the obvious importance of a new article of diet.

It has been said that he who makes two blades of grass grow where one grew before is a benefactor of his species. Sir Walter Raleigh, who introduced the potato into England, might certainly lay claim to that title. To us belongs the honour, whatever it may be, of being the first in this country to manufacture a pure starch from maize, which is now so well known under the name we gave to it—namely, Corn Flour. For those who really need a light nutritious diet we can wish no greater luxury than this addition to their meal.

“JOHN BROWN,” “JOHN POLSON,”

IS SIGNED BY THE MAKERS UPON EACH PACKET.

Best Quality	2d., 4d., and 8d.
Second Quality	1½d., 3d., and 6d.



The Public, it is hoped, will discriminate between cheap, inferior qualities, bearing a false name, and BROWN and POLSON'S CORN FLOUR, which is genuine, prepared solely from Maize—Indian Corn.

CHRISTMAS SUPPLEMENT
ILLUSTRATED TIMES

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1869.



A HOMELESS GIRL ON CHRISTMAS EVE.—(DRAWN BY A. SLADER).



CHRISTMAS EVE IN EXILE.

The festive monarch Christmas deck'd all the country round;
About his royal bosom his snowy robe he drew,
With many a frosty jewel his diadem was crown'd,
His icy sceptre glistening with a pale moon's silver hue.
The Wind, his solemn herald, blew a blast o'er hill and plain
Which died in tender trembles, like a soft-souled poet's strain.

An exile from my country, musing on my couch of rest,
Far away from home and kindred, gentle sleep no guest of mine,
Came the Night-Wind to my chamber like a wild bird to its nest,
Flying, flapping, flapping, with a cadence full and fine,
And through the casement stealing to my pillow straight it came,
And in tones of flute-like softness breathed an absent loved one's name.

Then said I, "Night's weird pilgrim, travelling over sea and land,
Oh! whither hast thou wandered, ghostly poet, with thy rhymes?
I am listening to thy music: it is sacred, old, and grand,
And it bears from Gothic temples the happy Christmas chimes.
Oh! are they tears, those raindrops, which thou weep'st o'er faded
bowers?"

Is that sad wail a requiem at the funeral of the flowers?"

Methought the Wind, replying, said, "I and my sister Snow
Flit over earth together, like two spirits of the cloud,
To greet the King of Christmas and the pale Old Year we go.
I chant Time's burial service and my sister makes his shroud;—
And aye together mingled, just like the flower and thorn,
Are happiness and sorrow, and pain and pleasure born.

"From distant climes I've tidings: I left the battle plain,
With red stains on my pinions, for you holly-mantled cot,
Where a beauteous maiden dreameth of her lover who is slain,
And I bear his dying blessing to that dear and hallow'd spot.
I spread his banner proudly when he fought in Victory's track:
As he fell he cried 'My Mary!' but he'll never more come back.

"Whilst sweeping o'er the ocean I beheld a noble ship:—
I filled the sails with breezes, for manly hearts it bore;
Hard at the helm the pilot stood, a prayer upon his lip,
And angels watched it homeward, its canvas silv'ring o'er:
The mariner his partner is clasping now so gay,
And the holiday of Heaven will be blessed Christmas Day.

"I have pass'd a stately mansion, and while the inmates slept
A fire burst forth, and crackling, the flames around it spread;
With gusty breath I fann'd them, and higher still they crept,
Till in that stifling furnace the sleepers all lay dead.
In the havoc of the shipwreck I've heard the gasps and groans,
While amid the blazing landwreck I left but blackened bones.

"I make the beggar shiver in his rags, upon the road,
And in his face the snowflakes I whirl in maddening fun;
I ghostly make the faces in gaunt poverty's abode,
And like a midnight robber round the palace gables run;
Like a spectre I extinguish the faint taper in the room,
And I crush the steed and rider with the wilderness simoom.

"As I crossed the crowded city, I spy'd a homeless girl,—
So beautiful! oh, so beautiful! despite her woe-worn face.
A tear dropp'd from her eyelash, which at first I thought a pearl:
I have borne it to a garden to become a flower of grace.
No cold repulse I gave her, no galling sneer I cast,
But a blessing from her mother I whispered as I pass'd.

"A messenger from heaven is the Wind, where'er it blows—
A mystic wandering angel bringing tales of joy and wee;
It bears the balmy sweetness of summer's blushing rose,
Or chases, like a goblin, brown leaves along the snow;
But on happy English homesteads it lays its sweetest spells
When laden with the music of the merry Christmas bells."

"Hast thou for me no message—answer to my fondest prayer?"

No olive-branch of comfort to quell my soul's alarms?"
"Yes, I have seen thy partner: she is happy, she is fair;
On her breast thy babe is resting, bright with budding charms;
She is dreaming—fondly dreaming!—of thy faith, and hope, and
love,
While angel-guards surround her and thy little nestling dove."

SHELDON CHADWICK.

THE HALLELUJAH CHORUS.

BY W. B. HANDS.

I.

It was a most lovely day. Out in the fields the world was so
pleased with itself it did not know what to do. Now and then
some very beautiful cloud almost felt vain of its own shape and
colour as it caught sight of its shadow in the pool where the happy
cattle were dipping their broad nostrils; but, thank goodness! the
sweet south-west wind would not have let it stop, even if the cloud
had wished it; so on went the beautiful cloud, dappling the grass
with shadow that moved, and, whether it caught fire and made a
happy sizzle of itself in the west that night, or whether it went all
round the world and came back again, and is still on its travels, is
more than anyone can tell. But the south-west wind was very
happy too, because it knew that other things were enjoying them-
selves. There was no bound to its playfulness. It caught and
cuffed the smoke as it came up from the chimney-pots in a hurry
to go higher, and said, "No, not till you have played with me
awhile." And then you saw them at their nonsense. Now the smoke
went this way, now that way; now it bent humbly, then it tossed
its head, and then it doubled itself up. Now it made a sudden
start upwards, and said "I am off!" but the wind caught it and
wrestled with it again;—oh! it was fun. At last the wind turned it
right over head and heels, and then let it go again; so off went
the grey smoke, with the south-west wind chasing it, till it became
a beautiful golden cloud, like the rest of them. As for the fluff of
the purple thistle and the yellow dandelion, they, also, did not know
what to do with themselves for pleasure. They flew about here
and there, and at last, unable to make up their own minds where
to settle, gave it up to the soft wind, and were carried just
whichever it pleased. As for the water, that also was happy. The
brook ran rather thin, but that was better than being hardened
into ice in the winter, for rinde boys to slide upon; and, besides, it
knew that, if it should dwindle more than was comfortable, it would
have its revenge in the autumn when a spate came. The trees were
in a state of most delicious enjoyment. They were too happy to be
quite still, and too happy also to make a noise, so they kept up an
incessant whisper, with now and then a toss of the head and a light
laugh, just like bridesmaids. In fact, taking it altogether—what
with the birds, and the dragon-flies, and the blue butterflies in the
corn, and the daddy-long-legs, and the humble-bees, and the black-
berry-bushes, and the wild ivy, and the thyme, and the bulrushes,
and the titlilabs in the ponds, and the frogs, and the grass-
hoppers, and the wild flowers, and the glancing of birds' wings, and
the very sweet smells, and there being no horses and carts, or
omnibuses, or shops, or hurdy-gurdies, or brass bands—it was
really delightful. I have said nothing of the grass because I do
not know how. But in the first place, there was so much of
it; that is a great point, for we all like plenty of a good thing.
And then it was as full of glee as the rest of them. Sometimes it
made a pretence of running away before the south wind. Down
went every green blade; the broad and chere shaking its lovely
tassels, and only the groundsel standing a little stiff (knowing
that it was of so much consequence to the birds)—down it
went in one great green stoop forward, so that you felt
as if you might have to run after it in a hurry. But,
of course, this was only a feint; or, at all events, if the grass
you saw first ran away, plenty of other grass came up on the
instant, so that you could not tell the difference; one blade of
grass being very much like another. There was only one way to

make sure, and that was to lie down on it; and anything nicer
could not be conceived, supposing you did not mind earwigs and
sunshiners.

II.

It seems to me that people ought never to have made cities at
all, unless they knew how to make them better, or would take the
trouble to put in practice what they did know. The houses are a
great deal too close, and most of them are very ugly; and there
is too much dirt and too much noise; and there are no trees to
speak of, and no running brooks, and flowers will not grow, and
the sky is made smoky, and the very rain comes down with soot in
it. Why do not the people who live in London leave it, and go
and live in the country, and mind they build their next city pro-
perly, leaving plenty of grass, and woodland, and running water,
and taking care that there is no dirt and no noise?

At all events, on this beautiful day, it was not at all pleasant up
in town just in front of the new grocer's shop that was to be opened
that evening. The roads were dusty, the pavement was hot, the
dogs and the horses went about lolling out their tongues for thirst,
and wherever there was a water-main laid on the poor children got
together in crowds trying to get a drink, one helping the other.
As usual, too, in very hot weather (and perhaps also in very cold
weather), some people felt quarrelsome, so that there were
fights going on. Poor women stood flattening their noses against
the panes of the new grocer's window, waiting for the shop to open.
It was to open at eight o'clock that evening, and every customer
who spent money to the extent of a shilling was to receive as a
present a glass milk-jug (of course, it was not out glass, but
moulded); and you saw the milk-jugs piled up in heaps when you
looked inside.

Now the grocer's shop-front projected from the house itself for
about a yard into the street, and on the top of the projection ran
a balcony in front of the first-floor windows. Out of the second-
floor windows hung flags of all nations, and between them was an
illumination star, to be lit up in the evening. But in the balcony
sat a numerous and powerful German brass band, with foreign-
looking caps on, and great wind instruments that had stop-cocks,
and drew in and out like telescopes, and twisted themselves round
like macaroni. Also, these men had pots of beer by their sides, and
when they rested from blowing they had a drink and passed the
pot round. They played "Vital Spark of Heavenly Flame!" an
"Hail, Smiling Morn!" "Mynheer Van Dank," and "Brigh
Chanticleer!" and "Ye Gentlemen of England," and the
"Hallelujah Chorus;" and then they began from the beginning
and played the same tunes over again, up to twelve o'clock at
night.

But it was not twelve o'clock at night now—it was only the
middle of the day, and on the other side of the road there was a
curious sight to see. All the poor ragged children of the neighbour-
hood, some of them almost naked, had gone and seated themselves on
the road-edge of the pavement, with their feet in the dust of the
gutter. I do believe there were 200 of these children, all sitting in
good order, and as closely packed as they could possibly be. It
was a crowded, busy, noisy street, and nobody appeared to take
any notice of them; but there they sat in their rags, with their
hair anyhow, half of them without shoes or stockings, and none,
perhaps, without torn as well as dirty clothes on. It was almost
enough to make you wish you were a child again to see the joy
with which this long row of children sat and listened to the
brass band, beating time with their hands, and smiling and
clapping, and saying, "Strike up, master!" when the brass band
rested—just for all the world as if the music was paid for by the
grocer on purpose to please them. It is not likely that a man who
gave away glass milk-jugs by the hundred would grudge them the
pleasure of listening; but even if he did he could not help himself,
because if you go and play a German brass band in the open air
all the people within reach of the sound will be able to hear it, and
how can you take anybody to the station-house for what he cannot
help? Most people when they play music wish someone to hear it
besides themselves; unless it is a boy who plays the flute under
the bedclothes at night when he ought to be asleep, or a man
learning to play on the fiddle, who puts the mute on the bridge so
that nobody may hear how badly he does it. Thus, then, the
children sat there in a long dusty row, and had their music for
nothing. And I must tell you the men played the "Hallelujah
Chorus" from notes. Every performer had a piece of music fastened
on to the top of his instrument, near the end, which made the
whole concern look very grand, and much puzzled those of the
boys and girls who had not been to the ragged-school round the
corner, where the schoolmistress, who is not more than nineteen,
and dresses in the height of fashion, plays the harmonium all
from notes.

III.

It would be quite out of my power to describe the looks of all
the little boys and girls that sat in a row along the edge of the
pavement, even if there were room for two hundred descriptions.
Of course, there were among them all sorts of complexions, and
eyes of all sorts of colours that are human. Some of them had
flat feet, with scarcely any instep, and very thin calves, and sharp
chins and cheekbones, and eyes that were not well opened; but
some of them, again, were nice handsome children, and all of them
were cheerful. What struck you on this beautiful hot day was
that they would all of them have enjoyed a good bath, or at least
a good paddle in the water. There was one little boy who was
called Salvation Sam, and who had no father and no mother, to his
knowledge. He was called Salvation Sam (the only name of his
own that he had ever known being Samuel) because when he was
found one day, half starved and more than half naked, in an
almost empty room, he was playing with a tract headed "Salva-
tion;" and he had been half adopted, and then quarter adopted,
by very poor people, and at last allowed to run wild, with
a kind of right to pick up bread and bed as he could
among a certain number of people who knew him by name
and sight. There was, indeed, once a tradition that Salvation
Sam was lucky—that is, not that he used to have lucky things
happen to him, but that folks used to say that wherever he slept
and ate he brought luck; but these poor people were not scientific
observers, and the facts of the case were never submitted to what
is called rigorous verification, so it is impossible to say. Indeed,
how can you expect science, and rigour, and verification, and long
words of that sort, from people who live down back alleys on food that
you and I could not eat at all, and not too much even of that—such
things as red herrings at five for twopence, and chitterlings and
gizzards, with now and then, for a very great treat, tripe and
onions, or baked potatoes with salt and butter?

Perhaps it was owing to his having had a bad dinner that, just
as the German brass band were in the midst of going through the
"Hallelujah Chorus" for the second time, the music got into Salva-
tion Sam's head. Poor little boy! Who was his father? At
any rate, there was something sensitive and excitable about him, and
he felt as if he must get nearer to the beautiful music. I am
sure you know what it is to feel as if you must get nearer to some-
thing that pleases you very much—nay, to feel as you should get
right into it and mix with it, so that it should be you, and you
should be it. The clear-flowing river makes you feel as if you
would like to mix with it, and be part of it; and the beautiful
sunset as if you belonged to that distant gorgeous country in the
skies and would like to fade away into the light and colour; and
the beautiful face as if you could forget to be yourself and sink
into the beauty you see. Thus Salvation Sam felt the music
"drawing" him, and as the trombone kept going in and out, it
looked to him as if it said, "Come!" and so, being only a poor
foolish little boy, he made a sort of spring into the middle of the road,
just as an omnibus full of people was passing, and got run over.

This was very romantic of him, especially considering where he
lived, and what his victuals were, and that after all it was only a
German brass band over a new grocer's shop; but then, what can
we say or do in these cases? There was once a gentleman that knew
a good deal more than Salvation Sam, and fed better, and moved in
higher company. Now he would never have thought a common

trombone was "drawing" him as it went in and out; but he had
to take his own luck just as it came. One morning he got up as
usual, and no more knew what was going to happen than this little
boy knew that he was going to hear the "Hallelujah Chorus"
played over a grocer's shop; but the fact is he met a lovely woman
that he had never seen before, and she "drew" him, and a very
great many things happened after it.

IV.

I am not sure that this gentleman actually broke his leg in the
sequence of falling in love with the lady, but it is certain that the
consequences were remarkable; and, however strange it may
appear, some of them were painful. It is also certain that the
gentleman was not picked up and put into a cab by a strange lady,
as Salvation Sam was, and carried to the hospital. But the fact is,
the little boy fainted with the pain, and when he came to
found himself in a nice, clean bed, in a strange place, with a
woman over his head, and a most beautiful lady bending over him. This
lady had large, soft eyes, and curly hair as bright as a
sunbeam, and lips that trembled, and a hand as white as the very
cream. Salvation Sam thought her voice, when she said, "Well,
as he looked up, was sweeter than all the music, and he
"drew" to her white hand over so much more than he had
towards the trombone; but he did not dare to touch it, it was
a heavenly hand. However, he had some food—real, strong
soup, with real sherry wine in it, so that a little goes a long
way—and brings you up like a pulley; and then he had his leg set, for the
omnibus had broken it. The pain made him call out for the
nurse, and the wonderful voice came to him and took fast hold
of his little, thin brown paw, and made him feel ever so much
better. Then he had his face washed and his hair combed, and the
next thing was that the beautiful lady gave him a kiss on the
cheek. Now my firm belief is that this, as you may suppose, made
his eyes strike fire, but he always would have it that the lady
bright, soft, golden ring all round the lady's face; he thought
"a great many times what you see in the shops, any more than
skies;" and, after all, what we see is one thing, and what we
to be seen is another. And yet I have understood that the lady
the same thing some day, and if this is correct how can they be
different things now? However, it will not do to dwell on these
profound subjects at present, and the end of it is that Salvation
Sam went as sound asleep as a church, and did not know a word
of the "Hallelujah Chorus;" or of what you and I would call the
halo round the lady's face.

V.

One drowsy afternoon, when little Salvation Sam was getting
better, he dropped off into a dog-sleep, while the sweet lady
his brown paw—somewhat blanched now—in her soft, white glove,
and he overheard her and the nurse of the ward talking in a whisper
about getting married, and husband and wife, and everlasting
love, and all that kind of thing, such as you know women
will talk about, and sometimes women and men at times,
when two's company and three's none. It would not be fair to
say that he pretended to be asleep, because, you see, they had
begun their talk, taking it for granted that he was asleep; and he
was too pleased, his little head was too full for him to be able to
speak up right out and say "I am wide awake, and perhaps you do
not want a little boy to hear!" Besides, how or why was he to
have any such thoughts? He was like you or me when we are
fascinated, if you know what that is. He felt as if the voices of the
lady and the nurse, and the bright soft summer air, and the music
of a hand-organ in the street, and the softness of the half-dream
he had been in, and the "Hallelujah Chorus" he had heard on the
dusty curbstone opposite the grocer's shop on the day when he
broke his leg, and the whiteness of the lady's hand, were all one
and the same kind of thing, and that thing more beautiful than all
the other things he had ever known. And then the thought came
into his head that he should like to marry the lady with the white
hand.

"Well, nurse," said the young lady; "I will not wake him.
Good-day!" And Salvation Sam heard her step softly out of the ward,
whispering with the old nurse all the way she went till the door
closed. Then he gave a deep sigh, and resigned himself to medi-
tation about the beautiful lady. In fact, he kept at it so long and
breathed so still that, at last, the nurse grew impatient, and lifted
the bedclothes off his head, and said, "Are you awake?"

Now the first effect of this was that Salvation Sam burst out
laughing, like a little boy who had been suddenly tickled, and then
burst out crying like a woman who—what shall I say?—like a
woman to whom something has happened. Ah! I wonder who
made little boys' hearts, and whose son Salvation Sam was?

VI.

While he was waiting for the lady to come next time the little
boy formed a resolution. There sat the old nurse, making gruel
and pouring out physic; and in and out passed the busy doctor;
and the humdrum of the ward went on; and nobody knew what
was in this little boy's head. For the matter of that, which of us
knows what is in anybody's head but his own? When people try to
tell us we only know a little of it, after all; and sometimes a look
is better than a long speech, and sometimes what people mean gets
into the very air, and we know it a long way off, and yet it is
never spoken. Perhaps our bad and unkind thoughts get into
the air and travel somehow to somebody; and our good and kind
thoughts do the same, and all without our knowing it.

Certain it is, however, that the next time the kind lady came to
see the little boy, now rapidly getting well—in fact, so well that he
might have got up—she saw something in his eyes, and, after
thinking a minute, said to him,

"Is there anything you want, dear, that I can do for you?"

Keeping his head down close under the bedclothes, the little boy
said, very boldly—for he had made up his mind—and yet very
softly,

"If you please, mum." And as he said this his fingers twitched
at the counterpane.

"Well," said the kind lady, taking hold of his hand with her
white hand that had made Salvation Sam wonder so—"what is
it you want me to do for you?"

Then the little boy looked furtively up from under the clothes at
the lady's face and shoulders. And when he saw how lovely she
looked, and what an expensive bonnet she wore, and what a halo
there was round her face (though, as we have seen, he did not
know what a halo was), he felt almost afraid to speak to her. But
then he had made up his mind like a man, and again he felt the
lady's face drawing him as the trombone had done; and so he
took courage, and said right out,

"If you please, mum, will you marry me, and be my husband;
because I should very much like to be your wife?"

Thus we see he did not even know that it is proper for a man to
be a husband, and a woman to be a wife. But this was only I
want of education, and the lady did not laugh at him; she only
blushed very much, and said,

"Yes, dear, when you have learnt to write, and have put up
the bars, or got a license."

This so upset him that he could not even ask her what the
bars were, or where he could get a license. He had gained I
wish, and so he turned over on his side, and said, rather inde-
pendently,

"Good afternoon, mum!"

"Good afternoon!" said the young lady, with a smile, and went
out. But when Salvation Sam rolled himself from his dog-sleep, he
found that the old nurse had overheard this conversation; for, as
she was making the bed while he was in a chair, with a quilt over
him, she said to herself, but loud enough for him to hear,

"Ahem! a wonder what he will go on and do."

VII.

The beautiful lady never came again. How she came to promise
to marry this little boy is more than I can fully tell; but I suppose
we all of us sometimes say things that nobody can make out, and

that nobody can tell the reason why of. He had been married, and her name was Mrs. B. and he had a child. Considering how beautiful she was—that he had gone off into the country at once, and one fine morning they went to church together and came back husband and wife. The lady with the white hand did not forget the little boy, wrote to a friend in London to see after him; but the letter was too late, for he was dismissed from the hospital cured, and to do for himself as well as he could. The nurse gave him a letter to some gentlemen who, she said, looked after little boys like him, and also half a crown which the lady had left for him. Now, the nurse had told him that when he got into the streets he was to ask his way of some one to the address that was on the letter; but, as he was walking along, he picked up a piece of paper with printing on it, and, not knowing what it might be, asked a woman who was passing by.

"What is it?" said she, "Oh, let me see. Excise—tea, pepper, and so on. It's a license, I suppose. I am in a hurry!" and off she went. The sensations of the little boy may well be imagined. Not one of the sweet lady's had he forgotten, and, as he had now a license, he could marry her as soon as ever he could find out where she was. But then, when he looked at his clothes, he felt ashamed of them, and thought he had better keep the license and make a little money before he went in search of the lady.

The first thing he did was to lay out part of his half-crown in some cigar-lights, and with these he went to a railway station, and began to drive quite a brisk little trade, sleeping under one of the railway arches, for the weather was warm; and he was always thinking of the kind lady. Besides, the arch had been used as a shed, and had a back and a front to it, and a door with a padlock, and plenty of straw in it; and there was a canal close by, where he could have a wash. But when it was wet and trade was dull he began to feel low-spirited, and it struck him that he should like to see and draw the likeness of the beautiful lady; only he had no chalk or anything. This made him rather dull, and his desire to see a piece of chalk was very great indeed.

One day a band of happy schoolboys ran scampering by the railway arch, and one of them dropped out of the side pocket of his jacket the most beautiful piece of chalk Salvation Sam had ever seen. Now, his leg was quite well, and he could easily have overtaken the schoolboy and given him his piece of chalk; but the temptation was too much for him, and he kept the chalk. Feeling uneasy about it, however, he instantly began trying to draw the face of the beautiful lady on the sides of the railway-arch. This took up so much of his time that he lost a good deal of custom through inattention; and he produced an immense number of likenesses, all of them full-face portraits, with both eyes shown, but the nose stood out at the side as in a profile.

VIII.

One morning when he awoke he found to his great grief that he had lost the license. What to do he did not know, as he had no reason to presume that if he walked up and down the streets there would be another for him. But one day when some little girls passed by singing, though what they were singing goodness only knows, it came into his mind that he would stand a better chance of finding another license if he could give back that piece of chalk to the schoolboy who had dropped it. Now, this was quite impossible, for it was worn down, through drawing the lady's likeness, to a very small stump, so that Salvation Sam doubted if there would be enough to finish another likeness all complete. However, the chalk got into his head so much that at last the beautiful lady went for a time almost entirely out of it, and then it struck him all of a sudden that he would give two pieces of chalk to the first two little boys he saw. So he ran down to the side of the canal, along which he had seen the chalk-barges towed, and, picking up two beautiful large lumps, stood lying in wait by the railway station for some boys to pass. To every one that came by he said, holding out the chalk,

"Here, would you like this?" But one boy after another refused, and at last he gave it up in despair, thinking to himself—or, rather, something thought it for him, and inside him—that he had done his best, and now he ought to go on selling cigar-lights as hard as ever he could. So he went on and on, doing a large business, till at last he made quite a small fortune; and even when he had bought himself some new clothes he had some money left, though whether it was a fortune or a half-crown I cannot positively say. The question is, did he marry the beautiful lady with the white hand, or did he not?

IX.

One day, when this little boy went down to the canal and strolled along the towing-path, as he had often done before, he found his license again, which, it seems, he had dropped there in one of his rambles. This, as you may suppose, delighted him very much, and brought back the beautiful face of the kind lady, and the Hallelujah Chorus, and the trombone that "drew" him so when he got run over; and, as he stood looking at the autumn sunset, all gold, and red, and fiery smoke-white, and soft pale green, he felt "drawn" again. This time it was a barge that "drew" him. The barge came lazily along, with a man in a red nightcap at the rudder, and the smoke going up out of the little funnel over the cabin; and as it came Salvation Sam thought he should like to get into that barge and drift with it to anywhere.

Now the barge floated lazily up till it came close to where poor Sam was standing. The man at the helm saw him, and said, "Well, young 'un; would you like a ride?"—so he must have heard the expression of Sam's face, which was exactly that, namely, that he would like a ride. Nevertheless, the bargeman, who did not expect to be taken at his word, was rather surprised when Sam, with a little shout, made a jump from the towing-path straight into the barge, and, in doing so, fell flat on his face upon the tarpaulin. But when Sam showed his piece of silver, and said he would pay for his ride, the bargeman only winked, and told him to keep his money to himself; for that he should have a ride all for nothing. So he slept on board the barge that night; and when he woke next morning he found they were a good way out into the country, between green banks, with cottages upon them, and rusty-looking back-sheds, and poultry, and pigs, and straggling gardens, full of hollyhock, and sunflower, and vegetable marrows, and scarlet runners, and the large blue and pink convolvulus, and fat, red children, with hair of the colour of tow, and faces of the colour of brick dust.

X.

I cannot tell you all the conversation that passed between Sam and the bargeman, or describe the little boy's feelings when the barge slipped into a lock; but after some time, when he asked where they were, and the bargeman said they were in Bucks, he happened to catch sight of a large, handsome cottage, with a beautiful lawn and garden, standing up on the sloping ground not very far off from the bank of the canal, and in that garden he saw a lady. To the great astonishment of the bargeman, Sam asked to be put on shore, in order that he might speak to the lady, though I cannot say he felt at all certain who she was. Still, the lady among the flowers "drew" him; and, after much ado, the bargeman bade him good-by! and Sam found himself on dry land again.

When he had made his way up the meadow-land and stood close to the garden, he saw there was a fence round it; but, after a turn or two, the lady happened to come past where he was standing, and he found it was the very same lady that had promised, when he was in the hospital, to be his husband when he had got a license. Of course, she knew him at once, and let him in at the gate, and took him into the house, and told the maids to wash his hands and face and give him something to eat and drink; and, "Then," said the beautiful lady, "you shall come and see my husband."

This puzzled Salvation Sam very much, for how could she have a husband if she was to be his husband? So, when he was intro-

duced into the drawing-room and saw the lady and gentleman sitting together, and the lady said "This is my husband," he did not know what to say or do. But they made him tell them all his adventures, and particularly asked him if he had taken the letter to the lady's friend when he had left the hospital.

"No, mum," said Sam, "because I found the license."

"The license!" said the lady.

"The license!" said the gentleman.

"Yes, mum," replied Sam, producing the piece of paper, "when you came to see me you promised to be my husband as soon as I had got a license;" and then he handed the paper to the lady. So the gentleman got up and laid his hand on the lady's beautiful white shoulder, and looked over her and read.

"My dear love," said he, "it's an excise license to sell tea and pepper and tobacco;" and he began to laugh. But the lady put her small hand on his lip and looked grave, so he stopped. Salvation Sam sat there, white and trembling, and longing to touch those sweet, tender fingers once more.

"My dear," said the lady, "this is the wrong license."

"And won't you marry me, mum, as you promised?" asked Sam.

"The fact is," said the gentleman, going up to him and putting one hand on his shoulder, "she can't do it now. I made her marry me—she couldn't help it; for I went to her house one day with a quantity of soldiers, and swords, and pistols, and two or three large cannon, and she was forced to be my wife."

"Oh!" said Sam, feeling rather faint.

"But," said the gentleman, "we will take care of you, and see what else can be done."

"Yes," said the lady, smiling, "I am not the only one."

"No," said the gentleman, speaking confidentially, "the fact is there are several like her—so like her that you would not know the difference; and when she made that promise, you know, she made it for the other one—I say the other and yet I mean the same; and you will marry her, I mean the other—that is, the other—same—when the time comes. Do you understand?"

"No, sir," said Salvation Sam.

"Well, you shall learn to read and write, and then you will know more about the license and all that, and perhaps you will understand about the other one."

Yet I can read and write, and what do I understand of such matters? No more than Salvation Sam did when the lady sat down to her piano and sang him a song of the morning star. He could not make out a word of it, because people twist their mouths about so when they sing; but the lady evidently thought he did, for she came up to him and said, with a sweet smile, putting her hand on his,

"Do you believe all that?"

"Yes, mum," answered Sam. Poor brown little boy, he hardly looked big enough to be able to believe anything; but he wiped his eyes with the back of his hand, and would have been tolerably happy if he had not just then thought of the piece of chalk which he had taken that did not belong to him.

MISS SOMEBODY'S FIRST APPEARANCE.

BY C. W. SCOTT.

I DON'T mind owning that I was born in the unromantic village of Hoxton. It exists to this day, but is sadly changed since I opened my eyes amidst pure green fields, redolent of mangold wurtzels, and totally ignorant of brickwork and stucco.

My father was not exactly the relieving officer of the district, but it so happened that our comfortable home was a house of call for distressed people of all kinds. When anyone wished to be relieved, to us they came.

Bread-tickets, meat-tickets, coal-tickets, bags of linen, bars of soap, and packets of soothing arrowroot, were expected, on the tap system, to be turned on on the smallest provocation; and for one ring at our street-door bell by a deserving and needy parishioner we had a thousand single raps from bare-faced impostors. I hate a single rap. It implies that the house is used to the indignity; and the master of a household who does not at once punish an offender in this respect by a volley of abuse or a notice to quit, lays himself open to a repetition of the offence or a future bad character for his house.

There was a convenient wall round the corner of the house, on which were scrawled mysterious and ominous hieroglyphics. Knowing the strange scenes which had happened, and were constantly happening, in the paternal hall, it did not cause me much surprise to meet on one occasion when I was returning home from school on the doorstep a plausible and very Hibernian vendor of wash-leather decamping with a couple of umbrellas, artistically but somewhat uncomfortably secreted under her very muddy petticoats.

On the particular occasion to which I am now alluding, while struggling one morning with an unusually difficult passage in the Greek delectus, it did not strike me with particular awe to hear a considerable "rumpus" outside the paternal study-door.

There was no doubt about it; there certainly was a considerable disturbance in the hall, for the wallings of a woman—and a young woman, too, who obstinately and very firmly refused to be comforted—are not carried on without a considerable exercise of lung-power.

To our house came not only the penurious, but the afflicted. To judge by the bitter wallings which disturbed my more intimate knowledge of the Greek delectus, this was an evident case of affliction.

And, on inquiry, this is what we ascertained, between sobs and hysterics, had happened. The hysterical one was an afflicted young female, who was giving vent to her feelings in this demonstrative but highly unmelodious manner. She was a small nursemaid, about the size and cut of "The Marchioness," that friend and companion of the seedy Dick Swiveller, who is, of course, retained in the memory of all admirers of "The Old Curiosity Shop."

This slip of a nurse-girl had been entrusted (What risks good women do sometimes run!) with the care of a neighbour's only child, an innocent little darling of some four summers. Between the hysterical sobs it was ascertained that the child was lost, and that the nursemaid, or Marchioness, or Tilly Slowboy, or whatever you like to call her, was absolutely—and very naturally—afraid to break the sad news to the agonised and childless mother without first taking council at our house and having a "good cry" in our hall. The unfortunate girl's story was very simple and touching.

She had been in the habit constantly of taking the child out for its morning airing, and had loved to wend her way towards the sylvan district of Shepherdess-walk, Islington. There she had constantly met a woman—a lady, the nursemaid naturally called her—who affected to take the deepest interest in the child.

On this particular occasion the interest had extended beyond a passing nod or casual smile of recognition. The lady had been deplorably glad to meet the nursemaid and the little stranger. Instead of an affectionate kiss or a farrago of that feminine nonsense so dear to the female, and evidently so hateful to the infantine mind—with which pretty and noticing children are coaxed by comparative strangers—matters took a practical and particular turn. The lady stranger had insisted that the child should be treated with a bun, and what proceeding more natural than that she, the stranger, should hold the child while the natural protector of the little one should expend the proffered penny? The woman, or lady, was so affable and charming that the girl was taken off her guard at once. The little one went without any fuss to the stranger. The nursemaid went in search of the bun. But when the bun arrived there was no little mouth to put it in, for both lady and child had mysteriously disappeared. Here was a pretty state of affairs! Such was the simple story. I am bound to say that it was not altogether well received at home, for the prevailing opinion seemed to be that the amateur nurse had been "gawking" over the nearest bridge across the Regent's Canal to look at the passing barges, and that the child had toppled over into the water. However, true or not, the child had disappeared, and the news had

to be broken to the mother. The mother learned the sad story in due time. The poor woman's grief was soon that it ended, and there were terrible and distressing scenes enacted in our house that day. All that could be done was done. The police were immediately informed; the neighbours, excellent creatures as they never fail to be in such cases, scoured the neighbourhood; but day after day passed away and nothing was heard of the lost child.

I need hardly say that from my earliest recollection I was passionately fond of the play. Almost as soon as I could toddle I was cutting out and painting Mr. Marks's characters of "The Miller and his Men" for a toy theatre; and at a far earlier age than I care to own I was perking up my little head in the pit or gallery of the neighbouring theatres. We were not altogether badly off for dramatic entertainments at the time. We had Sadler's Wells within an easy walk, and the Grecian Saloon and Albert Saloon within a stone's throw. I considered it an heretical act to miss a pantomime at Christmas-time; and, *conte qui conte*, I saw them all. This year I must have experienced rather more difficulty than usual in carrying out my intention; for, though safely in the pit of the Grecian, with a school friend, I felt very nervous about being recognised.

We were well through the opening, and, after carefully scrutinising my companions in the pit, I made up my mind there was no danger for me. The transformation scene was one of exceeding beauty; and fanciful, indeed, must the artist have been to have contrived so many natural flowers to contain so many lovely fairies. Fresh and enthusiastic as I was, of course I had never seen anything so beautiful; and I was so carried away that I forgot my anxiety and fears of detection. Wherever I looked a flower opened and a fairy appeared. It seemed impossible that there could be any more flowers or any more fairies. I had never seen anything near so enchanting and dreamlike. I forgot in my wonder how such a poetical scene could possibly be associated with the horseplay and tomfooleries which preceded it, and I said to myself that if ever I became a lover of Christmas theatres and their pantomimes, I should like them far more for their fancy than for their foolery.

But, though innumerable flowers had opened, their petals falling flat on to the ground with—I am bound to own—something like a mechanical and very unpoetical rap, there was still a mine of glory in store for the enthusiastic and unwearied playgoer. The centre flower was still to be developed; but, instead of a grown-up fairy, with long hair and shapely legs like the rest, revelling in bustle and starched muslin, out stepped a curly-headed child fairy, innocent and fresh as the dew, and holding in her little hand a lighted blue-bell. I was enchanted, and, of course, being very young and very enthusiastic, I fell in love at once with the beautiful new comer.

But I was disturbed from my pleasant dream. I was destined to witness a terrible scene. I shall never forget it. The applause which greeted the appearance of the pretty fairy Blue Bell was, of course, frantic; but, louder than the frantic applause of the audience, a woman's piercing shriek ran through the house. The whole house turned to the centre of the pit, from which the shriek came. It was no horror of fire or the hysteria of a frightened creature. Only a second really passed; but the excitement of the audience and the sudden disturbance of the pantomime made it appear a thousand times as long.

While the people were thinking what to do or how to account for the extraordinary scene, the woman who had shrieked on the appearance of the fairy Blue Bell had actually, in her excitement, fought her way to the front railings of the pit, and was struggling energetically to get over the iron partition which divides it from the stalls. She was not mad, as some good folk imagined. She had found her child! I recognised the woman at once, and knew her to be the same who had suffered so terribly at home, and for whom we had so anxiously worked.

With some difficulty order was restored, and there was some difficulty about the matter, for the poor woman, after the first paroxysm of joy, fainted away, and was carried—in spite of remonstrances and counter-remonstrances, and good advice and bad advice—at once out of the theatre.

I must not, however, omit to say that the recognition was mutual. The little fairy with the blue-bell lamp, without more ado and decidedly with an unheeded effect, rushed forward to the foot-lights as if she would make her speech. The audience cheered the little one to the echo, but it did not unnerve her. The speech was singularly short, but very strongly to the point. "Mother, dear mother!" That was really all the child said; but meanwhile the transformation scene was over, and the little fairy was hurried to the wings by a good-natured clown.

Luckily the mother happened to be at the theatre with her husband, and, by the very strangest combination of circumstances, the child-stealer was caught red-handed, and the child was restored to its parents by a thoroughly dramatic situation.

But, perhaps, the finest situation of all was that which occurred at the stage-door.

The pseudo parent of Fairy Blue Bell, of course, knew nothing of what had occurred in front, and was innocently waiting at the stage-door to take the little one to its false home.

At the stage-door she ascertained more than she bargained for. She there met the fairy and her parents, and a sturdy policeman quite prepared to take her into custody. The dramatic career of this pretty child was thus cut short for the present, for it is needless to say that she did not fulfil her engagement to the letter, but slept in her mother's arms that night, and on the next another lucky infant was promoted from the envied front row to take the leading position in the celebrated transformation scene.

As to the wicked child-stealer, she was very properly prosecuted and punished, and it turned out in the course of the trial that she had a double object in stealing the child.

The more immediate object was the mercenary one of securing the earnings—some four or five shillings a week—which the child's talents earned in the pantomime; but the second, and perhaps more important aim—and this was curious—was to provide herself with a child of a certain age.

It was not in vain that this child-stealer had scoured all Islington any many another suburb in search of a pretty child, and a girl about four years old. It was not without an object that the nurse-girl had been stopped in her daily walks, that the baby had been admired, and, finally, had been taken off owing to the successful ruse of the currant bun.

It was ascertained on the trial that for some years this abandoned woman had been drawing money from a paramour abroad on the strength of an imaginary infant, and, as the proprietor of the purse at which she had been freely pulling was on the point of returning home to his native country, it became necessary to procure, by hook or by crook, a ready-made and likely-looking girl who would fairly answer the epistolary description conveyed to the man by the female impostor from time to time, and be the means of extracting even more money from his generous purse.

Indeed, it turned out, from the evidence of a sempstress who was discovered, that a whole set of baby clothes from babyhood to childhood was at that time in the process of manufacture.

I alluded just now to the fact that the lost child so happily restored to her parents was hurried away to the wing by a good-natured clown, and was no more seen in the Christmas pantomime. But I am bound to add that her dramatic career did not end here.

It so happens that this short pantomime season was one of the strange incidents of a lifetime which assist in determining a career. Here was surely an illustration of Tom Moore's celebrated lines,

You may break, you may shatter, the vase if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.

The vase was not broken or shattered, but a certain dramatic scent clung to it. The fairy child budded into a pretty maiden, the pretty maiden bloomed into a promising and popular actress, and, looking over the pleasant array of female talent at present on our boards, I dare say many will be anxious to identify a pleasant face, a sprightly manner, a charming voice, and an intelligent artist with the heroine of this little adventure, which I am still inclined to call "Miss Somebody's First Appearance."



A CHRISTMAS BALL AND SINGING PARTY — DRAWN BY H. D. PIERCE

A CHRISTMAS BALL AND SINGING PARTY.—DRAWN BY H. N. FRISVOLD



A CHILD'S DREAM OF CHRISTMAS.—(DRAWN BY MR. STOOL.)

A CHILD'S DREAM OF CHRISTMAS.

WHAT strange people grown-up people are; I don't understand 'em, and I don't think I ever shall, not till I grow up myself, and then I mean to be quite different to them. They're so cross and so fidgety whenever they mean to have a holiday, just as though anybody wants them to if they don't like. It's about Christmas that I can't make grown people out. There are many things that they say we shall understand better when we are older, but I don't believe Christmas is one of 'em, because they all say "Christmas is all very well for children." Then they stop and look ashamed of themselves—as well they may; because, if Christmas is all very well for children and not for grown-ups, what I want to know is, who first invented Christmas?—of course I mean who first began to keep it as a happy holiday time of year?—because, if it was first begun by the grown-ups when they were children, and they found out afterwards that it wasn't pleasant, or was so silly that they were ashamed of it directly they found themselves, all of a sudden, turned into men and women, why did they say anything about it to us, except out of spite, to make us silly too? And, if they only invented it after they were grown up, thinking to please us children, why should they give us anything that is not worth their own having and expect us to be pleased with it? But I don't believe a word of this, because grown-ups couldn't have invented all about Christmas. It must have been children. I asked Uncle Jack about it once, and he quite agreed with me; he said only children could thoroughly enjoy Christmas; but then he said what we call grown-ups were not really grown-ups—they were only grown crooked. Uncle Jack isn't grown up, though he's got a grey beard and knows all about sciences and the use of the globes, and can conjure with his hat and make fireworks. He says he's always growing down, and that he likes it. I told him my dream about Christmas: how I just dozed off in the big chair in the dining-room, and there all of a sudden I was in the middle of a party—not of grown-ups, but of us—and a great, old man, all red with walking in the snow, and with flakes of it in his grey hair, where a holly-wreath went round his head, came in with a great basket full of all sorts of things—goodies, and dolls, and pictures, and toys—and we all gave a great shout, and thought it was Uncle Jack, and yet somehow it wasn't, but a figure that stood there and smiled at us more and more as we took the good things from his basket, which we tried to empty, but could not, because there was always something else at the bottom. We tried and tried, till I dreamt we all sat down quite tired, and then the smiling figure kissed us all round; and then somehow, it was very strange, but I dreamt I went to sleep, and directly I dreamt that I woke. Uncle Jack is to tell me to-night what it means.

MR. FORTYLEGS'S ADVENTURE.

BY THOMAS ARCHER.

My name's Fortylegs. I wish it wasn't; for, though there's rather an aristocratic look about it when it's written with a good flourish to the F and long loops to the l and the g, which tells well on a card, it's a most disagreeable name to have to mention. I never do mention it myself. I always have a card. At one time I tried to get my friends into the way of calling me *Fortillegs*, and that is how it is that I go by the name of Tilly among intimates. Some of them called me Tilly Slowboy; and then they improved on that and called me Slowboy only; and at last Slow. So that on the whole I'm rather better known as "Slow" than as Fortylegs, which saves a deal of uncomfortable feeling. My father was of the same name as I am; at least, I suppose he was—that is, you know, of course he must have been—because he died before I remembered him, and I was partially brought up by an aunt, though I generally lived with my mother and sister, as I do now. It was my aunt who took me by the hand when I left Back-hammer's collegiate and commercial academy, in Islington, and introduced me as entering clerk in the house of Slattery and Gimp, in the wholesale trimming line, where I am now, at an improved salary, and two or three hundred pounds in the bank as well. Mr. Slattery attended the same chapel as my aunt, and so did Mrs. Slattery, and I'd seen them very often. In fact, I used generally to look at Miss Slattery all sermon time; for she was a tall graceful girl, but a good deal older than me, and since married to a stockbroker, and now quite a matron; while I'm what the poet calls "a gay Lothario still was young," which any fellow ought to be at six-and-twenty, with a natural curl to his hair and a slim figure that takes just the under-medium size, so that he can be pretty sure of a good fit in the "ready-made department" at any fashionable tailor's, and has the chance of slipping the show-c at off the dummy and on to himself. You'll see by this that I'm pretty wide awake; and, if it wasn't for a romantic tendency, I might have done something remarkable. The mention of Miss Slattery reminds me that a match had been arranged by my mother and sister between me and Eliza Tredgold, the daughter of ma's old schoolfellow; and I don't deny that there were times when I could not but be sensible, though it is not for me to say so, of the varied charms of that young woman's society. In fact, I had ventured to tell her so mutely by various little presents, and also by taking her to the Polytechnic Institution, the Orrery, the Gresham Lectures, the meetings of the Common Council, and other festive amusements. But there were insuperable obstacles to what I may call the bud of regard developing into the full bloom of a passionate attachment. In the first place, except in Young's "Night Thoughts" and Enfield's "Speaker," Eliza has not been associated with a truly romantic glow of feeling; and, secondly, I had a burning desire to woo and win by a less ordinary method than that of a common engagement understood between two families. If I could have rescued a lovely but shrinking girl from a house in flames without the ignoble interference of the fire brigade, or have sprung from the parapet of a bridge (supposing I could swim well, which I can't without corks), and brought a pale, but not lifeless, form to shore amidst the acclamations of a crowd, or even have met a mysterious but enchanting stranger who, slipping a note into my hand in the mazes of the dance, besought me to beware! but that, if I would serve one in distress, to be at some lonely trysting-place not too far from a metropolitan police-station at midnight that day week;—if I could have arranged anything of this sort, I fancy I should have come out with flying colours. I've taken in the *Family Herald* and the *London Journal*, and half a dozen other of the weekly papers where the answers to correspondents might have given me an opportunity to come forward, but the editors of those periodicals keep all the interference to themselves, and talk to their fair "correspondents," as they call them, in a way for which they'd soon have their heads punched if they had some people to deal with, I can tell them.

I don't know how it is, probably because I am not of common clay, but the stories contained in these interesting periodicals have ever had for me a charm which has not diminished since the fleeting dawn of early youth. There was one portion especially of these periodicals which I used to dwell on in the seclusion of my own fancy, and that was the page containing the correspondence—often the expression of maiden bashfulness, seeking advice and assistance, under the disguise of an initial, on the half-expressed complaint of a wounded spirit, unappreciated by the cold hearts by which it was surrounded, and seeking the sympathetic throbbings of an answering affection. It was in reference to these latter, and particularly to one of them, that that serious misunderstanding occurred between Eliza and myself, which might but for the extraordinary occurrences—But I will not anticipate.

Eliza, with an ungenerous suspicion which was unworthy of her, declared that the writer of the communication signed "Pet" and beginning "White Rosebud" must be a "bold thing."

I resented such an imputation, and we parted, more in sorrow than in anger, as the poet observes. But, call it weakness or what you will, the dispute and my defence of White Rosebud had raised within me such a devouring curiosity and such a mysteriously romantic attachment to the unknown and evidently lovely beauty

who took these means of seeking a responsive bosom on which to lay her golden head, that I thought it due to my own dignity to withdraw from any implied engagement I might have contracted with Miss Tredgold, and seek to offer some alleviation to the distress of the fair creature whose image already filled my imagination.

This was the affecting paragraph addressed to the Editor, which first set fire to an enthusiasm which ultimately assumed the proportions of a devastating passion.

"White Rosebud" is planted amidst unsympathetic stocks and stones, who misunderstand her. She is unhappy, and seeks some warm and genial nature upon which she might bestow her young affection. She is just past nineteen years old, with liquid blue eyes, golden hair, and brilliant complexion; figure graceful, but not too slender—rather petite; rosy lips, and, if that is admired, tiny hands and feet; above all, a loving heart, that would lead her to nestle in some simple home where another appreciative heart would make her its own Pet. Thinks she could love a gentleman, good-looking, with the beauty of a kindly face, and not more than thirty years of age; but is not sure, never having thought of anyone in particular. Such a one who, without being sordid, has enough, when added to her own little property, to keep a cottage of content, may send a portrait to 'Pet,' at the Post-Office, —; to be left till called for."

There is no need to dwell on the fervid fancies, the flattering expectations, the deferred anticipations that haunted me after I had responded to this appeal. It is a wonder that my absence of mind wasn't noticed at the warehouse; but, fortunately, we had a slack week, and so I escaped with nothing worse than the ill-timed banter of our second senior—I am third clerk, and there are two juniors—who thought that I must be in love. How little he guessed the real truth! I was able, too, to stay out a little longer in the dinner-hour, which I devoted to having my carte-de-visite taken by a skilful photographer. It cost me a good bit to have it coloured and a little addition to the whisker, in the way of a moustache, which I hoped to be able to appear in by the time "Pet" appointed an interview. These trifling exaggerations are admissible in photography, which is mostly unequal to the lineaments of an intellectual countenance. To sign myself 'Rinaldo,' my real name being Samuel, was, I think, no more than the occasion demanded.

What a restless time I passed! What tossing, sleepless nights, what light-headed days, before the answers to correspondents contained a reply to the brief but burning assurances that accompanied the portrait! The only prosaic line in it was the statement of my salary and my savings. But, then, what an answer! This was it.

"White Rosebud cannot disbelieve Rinaldo. Such a countenance was never framed to deceive. Still she trembles. What token of regard can he send her? Alas! none. But she will dare all. She is already watched and suspected. Let Rinaldo write once more, and then look to the second column of the *Times* for an assignation. Dreadful word. The old signature 'Pet.'"

This was maddening; but what could I do? I determined to do what I venture to think was at once bold and suggestive, to send White Rosebud an engaged ring, what is called a "regard" ring, set with acrostic gems, ruby, emerald, garnet, amethyst, ruby, diamond. There are shops in the City where you can buy lots of them from a tray where they are marked "from 25s.;" but the ones that begin at "from" are not quite the thing. If you were to press a lady's hand when she wore one you'd squeeze all the stones out in no time. So I went as high as 42s., and sent it, packed in a neat morocco box, to "Pet" at the post-office, "to be left till called for."

Day after day passed, and I was almost beside myself to find not a line in that mysterious second column. Every dinner hour, instead of taking my meals quietly, I sat inspecting the advertisement part of the *Times* with a savage stare that must have surprised the people who sat opposite me at the same table at the house in Bucklersbury where I usually dined. There was a change in my appearance; I grew pale, and the stubbly appearance of my lip gave me a haggard look that the wildness of my eye increased. My mother and sister asked Miss Tredgold to come to tea, and my appearance evidently shocked her, for she burst out crying; and, as I could say nothing of my consuming secret, I retired to my own apartment. My mother insisted on thinking that it was "our little tiff," as she called the severing of the bonds between us, which had so altered me; but I laughed hollow, and went forth for a walk to see if the air of Finsbury-circus would cool my heated brow.

The agitation of my brain may well have been turned to frenzy when the next day I saw staring me in the face, at the very top of the second column:—

"THE PET does not understand why you have never come as appointed. Such is not the conduct of a gentleman after being induced to give up the ring, when another match was offered. Beware how you deceive. It is too bad. A dogcart will be waiting to-morrow night, nine o'clock, at the same place, Chingford Church. The Pet is still at the Old Billet."

What had I done, what dreadful oversight had I committed, thus to cause a young and fragile creature to elude the vigilance of jealous relatives, in order to keep an assignation, only to doom her to disappointment and possible cruelty? Still, there was time to undo the mischief if she had not yet been detected. I left the warehouse early, Fibbs, my junior, consenting to see after my work, and rushed madly home to dress, singing to myself as I went up stairs, three at a time "Oh! meet me in the lane when the clock strikes nine."

I had had a suit of clothes made in anticipation of this meeting, and I can tell you they made a pretty good hole in my quarter's salary; but still, they were well worth it. They were built by a regular West-End tailor—none of your City slopwork; and when I'd finished dressing I hardly knew myself, especially as I'd made the most of my moustache with a stick of "fixature" that turned it to a more natural colour. I couldn't resist the temptation of just stepping in to speak to my mother, and there was Eliza Tredgold. She looked at me, like—what's-o-name, all tears; and I confess I was unmannered for a moment; but I shook off the weakness, remembering the errand on which I was bound; and, waving an adieu, said I had to meet a friend on particular business, and might not be home till morning—a phrase which sounded repulsive, as I thought at the time, on account of its reference to a vulgar and roystering song.

I was so seldom away from home that I experienced some uneasiness at the thought of being belated at Chingford, so that I might not be able to return; but the excitement of the adventure soon banished all other ideas from my mind, and by the time I had reached the Great Eastern Railway my head was in such a whirl that I mistook sovereigns for shillings when I paid for my ticket, and afterwards ordered a glass of cold brandy-and-water at the refreshment-counter.

It was a dim, misty evening, and as the train went booming along I could see nothing but blurred patches of light here and there amidst the wreaths of vapour that filled the air; then there came only dark, outlying fields, and still more mist, as we approached the marshes, then more scattered lights, and at last the station where I was to alight to go to Chingford. I knew the place pretty well, for the churchyard—one of the most romantic spots in Essex—was a favourite scene for a visit when I used to go on an excursion in a wherry up the river Lea in the first days of my attentions to Miss Tredgold. I could not help thinking of her for a moment as I paced up and down before the queer, mouldy old church, waiting for the appearance of the messenger who would guide me to White Rosebud. But the die was cast, the Rubicon was passed, the finger of destiny had pointed. The clock struck nine.

A sound of wheels on the road was followed by the pulling up of a dogcart, with a lamp at the side, and a man—a short, thick-set man, muffled in an overcoat and a neck-wrapper—jumped down.

"Are you the party as was to meet the Pet?" said he, in a husky voice.

"I am," I said; "but how far have I to go, and where is the interview to take place?"

"How far? Not more than a mile," he replied. "And where? why, at the Old Billet, as was certified in the advertisement; and it's lucky you've turned up, or else I'm blowed if the whole game wouldn't ha' been nowheres; for the Pet's terrible out o' temper about it, I can tell you, and not hardly to be pacified."

"Poor young confiding creature! Poor bird!" I said, tenderly. "Yes, as you say, Sir; a bird as isn't to be trifled with," retorted the fellow, with a mournful emphasis that made me respect him.

"Here's half a crown for you," I remarked, handing him the coin.

"Oh! certainly," he muttered; "but it's without prejudice; no fouling at the ropes."

I didn't know what he meant. I was too much agitated to do more than note the words; for we had both climbed into the dogcart, and, before I could shape in my mind the first sentences with which I should greet the confiding girl who had thus trusted me with her untried affection, we pulled sharply up before a small tavern, where a man was ready to hold the horse when we got down.

"This way—this way!" said my companion. "We'll go into the parlour, where there ain't nobody to disturb us, becos ten to one if we don't have to wait a hour or so even when we've settled, which, in course, you're ready to do."

With this he led the way into a low, sanded parlour, where a fire was burning and the tables were all cleared away from the middle of the room and stood against the wall. One of these he brought forward and drew it to the fire, after placing a couple of chairs. Now that we were in the light, I could see that he was a villainous-looking fellow, with low brows and a great lower jaw, and hair cut so close that I thought of Mr. Ainsworth's romance of "Jack Sheppard," and shuddered.

"What's your liquor, guv'nor? Mine's rum," he said, spinning the half-crown I had given him in the air. "We'll order in, and then if you likes to have a set-to for half an hour, I'm your man."

By "ordering in" he meant going outside and returning with two steaming glasses of hot grog. He then turned the key of the room door, and saying, "Your health!" gulped down about half the reeking beverage.

"You don't want to offend, I know," he said, "but I always likes to see a man take off his liquor like a man. By to-morrow, when the Pet takes you in hand, you'll be allowed pretty short, I can tell you."

There was a repulsive vulgarity about the fellow in his references to this strange, romantic creature which was most offensive; but I bethought me that he might be one of those privileged and worthy, though rough and even discourteous, retainers who would die in the service of a beloved mistress, but cannot learn civility of speech. I therefore humoured him, and drank down half the rum-and-water, at the expense of a violent fit of coughing.

"You are a confidential retainer, doubtless," I ventured to remark, "and it is under your protection that this interview was undertaken."

"As to confidential," he replied, "well, pretty nigh that, I should say. I brought the Pet out; and I don't mind being responsible when things is on the square. As to perfection, there ain't no call; there's few parties as can take better care o' themselves."

"The integrity of conscious innocence," I whispered to myself.

"Perhaps you'd like just to have a turn," continued my strange acquaintance, placing something that he had brought from a corner on the table. "There ain't no call for me to strip to it. I shall soon see what you're made on."

I looked curiously at the articles he had indicated with a wave of his hand. They were a set of boxing-gloves.

"Thank you, I think I'd rather not," I murmured, faintly.

I began to think the events of that night had turned either his brain or mine.

"Oh, nonsense! Here, finish up your grog, and let's have a look at you. You must have a round, for the Pet won't have nothing to say to you if you ain't pretty spry. Not worth while, you know."

I was as innocent of the science of boxing as the babe unborn. If it had been rapiers, now, I fancied I could have pinked him; but it would never do to play the dastard. What sort of report would he give to White Rosebud if I shrank from the encounter? I threw off my coat and thrust my hands into the gloves—the wrong hands first, but he adjusted them for me.

"You won't want much training down," he said; "but the thing is, how can you hit? Here, hit out from the shoulder. Don't you be afraid of hurting me; hit out as hard as ever you can."

Perhaps I was too quick for the rascal, for I did as he bade me, and caught him plump on the nose such a sounder as made him wink.

"Blow you! I didn't say on the mug," he said. "But, never mind, that's pretty well. Now, then, keep your left well up, guard with your right; and do that again with your left, and then I'll show you somethink."

I did as he told me—at least I tried; but, before my hand had reached his face, I felt a violent blow in my mouth, and the next moment was sitting on a pile of spittoons in a remote corner.

"That's what we calls the counter," he said, chuckling; "and now you'll please pay down the first instalment, without which I can't pay expenses at this place, where you've kept me waiting for a week. Five pound's the figger, and cheap, too, considering. Beside, what's the odds to a man o' fashion?"

There was something flattering in the brute's manner, after all; and the thought that that fragile girl had been induced to venture out without even the means to pay the expenses of the tavern where she had left this faithful fellow watching the neighbourhood for my arrival, softened me.

I placed five sovereigns on the table.

"And now," I said, "I must demand an immediate interview. Let there be no more delay."

"You're in a precious hurry, all of a sudden," retorted the fellow, pocketing the coin. "You don't suppose I'm a goin' to wake the Pet up a purpose. Why won't to-morrow do?"

"Wake up!" I said, vaguely. "Can it be, then, that such fresh beauty is compelled to seek repose beneath this roof; and that for me?"

"There ain't no call for chaff, Guvner," growled the man; "but the Pet's sound asleep in the second-floor back, and your room's the next one to it. You'd better wait till morning."

Imagine the tumult of conflicting emotions that agitated me. "No, no! we must meet to-night—at once!" I said, vehemently. "Oh, well, if so be as you will have it so, you'd better go and wake the Pet yourself. I shan't."

"You, of course not; nor I either. What would be said if—Good gracious, send a chambermaid."

"Send a what? Why, there ain't no such a person in this tap; and, if there was, I shouldn't like to be her to go and wake up the Pet, as has a knack o' throwing the fust thing that comes handy, and swearin' the hair a'most off your head, when woke up sudden."

"You lying villain!" I shouted, catching up the poker; "not even faithful service can warrant such aspersions."

We were each in an attitude of vengeful defiance, when the door was suddenly burst open and two men entered; one a fair, stout-built young fellow, fashionably dressed; the other an individual even more repulsive in appearance than my companion.

"What is the row, Croppy?" said the latter person, stepping in between us; "and who have you got here?"

"Got! Why, the gent as was to go in training and learn the noble art, as the Pet's been a waiting for this week past."

"What d'yer mean? Why, I've just brought the gent along from where he was standing cussin' you for not being at Chingford Church; there's a misfit somewheres."

"Am I to understand that we are rivals?" I asked loftily of the young gentleman who had just come in.

"Well, I don't know about that," he replied, looking at me from

head to foot. "I've just come from Cambridge to keep an engagement with the Tufford Pet, late of the prize ring, to get me up in my boxing, and I've kept him waiting a week while I went home to settle family affairs. If you've engaged him in the mean time we had better come to some arrangement."

"The Tufford Pet!" I almost screamed. "I came here to see a lady, who shall be nameless, especially as I know her by no other name than one that I shall not divulge. I am here through an advertisement, and—excuse me, let me be sure that I am not the dupe of a conspiracy."

"I don't think you're very polite, but I'll excuse you. Here, Croppy, take this gentleman with you and wake up the Pet, with my compliments, and I've ordered rump steaks and cyster sauce for ten o'clock. Here's my card, Sir, and if you doubt my word you can go and see for yourself."

I took the card, and there was a nobleman's name on it. "I see now," I said, "that I must have been the victim of circumstances; you advertised in the *Times*?"

"The Pet did."

"Then, Sir, I have the honour of wishing you good night!"

"Give the gentleman a cast back in the trap, Boss; the horse is to, I guess, for they're safe to have to run to Edmonton for hysters," said my original acquaintance.

I entered the dogcart again, bewildered by the strange current of events. It was not till I got to the station that I remembered the five pounds with which I had parted. I mentioned it to my companion.

"Look here," he said, "if I was you I'd take no notice, becoss Croppy he's apt to ride rusty, and he might wait upon you some other time; best left where it is, depend upon it. Good night," and he gave his horse the whip, jerking me off the iron step of the dogcart into the roadway, and driving off at full gallop.

That same night I revealed to a policeman of my acquaintance the whole circumstances of the case under the vow of inviolable secrecy. He was not an ordinary constable, but an experienced detective, who was not, however, above the pleasing stimulus of gin and cloves. I slept that night at a tavern recommended to me by this intelligent officer, and when I went down in the morning he was already waiting for me with an early copy of the *Times* in his hand.

"Look here, Sir," he said, "here's your lay; but don't put no flower in your button-hole and let me go with you in case of anything quibsy."

Here was the advertisement:—

"Pet to Rinaldo, Charing-cross railway station, waiting-room, at eight this evening. Pet will wear the white rosebud."

Oh! happiness! and yet how strange! I didn't go home; and when I looked in the glass I saw that I was so pale and wild in the eye that I went at once and had my monstache shaved off and my hair cut, for I feared that my appearance would be observed by one of our principals and that I should be dismissed. There was a gloom of doubt and anxiety on my heart, for my friend the detective had declared that, without offence, he was of opinion that this was another trap. I was thankful when seven o'clock arrived and we were on our way to Charing-cross. There were only two or three people in the waiting-room when we arrived, and we took a turn on the platform, where, in a minute or two, my companion touched me on the arm. I turned, and there, just entering the door, was a short, stonish lady, with hair that it would be too complimentary to call dark auburn, a pair of greenish eyes, and a face spangled with a hundred freckles. In a green bonnet she wore a whole bunch of white rosebuds; and, as she peered here and there about her, I noticed her turn and shake her head to a tall, muscular-looking fellow who sauntered behind her.

I walked up to the fireplace and pretended to look about me; but nothing could have convinced me that this was the sylph of my dreams—nothing, at least, but what actually occurred. I was still looking about me when the woman came and pranced—that is the word—pranced almost over my feet, shaking the branch of white rosebuds in her abominable bonnet. I felt my heart sink within me and walked away. She stood before me as I tried to pass to the door, and said, in a stage whisper and a strong Irish accent, "Shure, but yore name's Reenawid, is it?"

"Not at all," I stammered. "Really you have the advantage of me."

"And ye're not looking afther ye're own Pet?"

"Dear me—no—that is, certainly not."

"Thin I'll jist thrubble ye to stop here a minute, while I call me brother to look at a potygraph that I've in me pocket. Here, Phil!"

The muscular man came up at the moment she took a carte-de-visite from her dress. I knew it only too well, and can't tell what might have happened, but just then my friend the detective came in and touched me on the arm, at the same time that he looked the gentleman full in the face.

"I want this gentleman," he said, significantly, and in quite a low voice, as he took me by the wrist; "and look out that I haven't to look after both of you before long; I've seen you before to-day."

They fell back, and I walked with him out of the place. The last words I heard from White Rosebud being, "And it's me that's had a lucky escape, the villin. To be the victim of a criminal! Phil, if you don't take me where I can get a drop o' sperrits sure I shall faint."

Shall I confess it? I made a night of it; not drowning reflection in the bowl, but seeking to compose my thoughts before returning to the peaceful roof which I had deserted under such remarkable combinations of fate. I don't know that I was a bit more composed, however, when at breakfast time I entered the back parlour of our humble abode and found my mother and sister in tears.

"Oh, Sam! Sam!" said my revered relative. "That you should have been away at such a time as this!"

"Why, what's the matter, mother? Who's dead or ill?" My thoughts had flown, with a pang that shook me on my axis, to Eliza Tredgold.

"Oh, Sam! I've often told you that old Mr. Tredgold was a friend to us when we were poor, and that up to the time of his death he and your poor father were close friends, and now his widow's ruined—from being so comfortably off—through trusting one of those wretches who go about like wolves in the disguise of insurance directors, seeking what they may devour; and till the affairs are wound up, or perhaps not at all, she'll not have a pound to bless herself with; and there's a man in possession for the rent, and all her nice furniture will be seized because the landlord says first come first served, and he claims before everybody; and as to poor Eliza!"

I waited to hear no more, I was choking with a great convulsive throb in my heart; it only wanted five minutes to ten when I asked leave to be absent for an hour from the office, and by ten minutes past I had a hundred of my savings in a little canvas bag in my pocket. Eliza opened the door to me with such a pitiful, such a half loving, half reproachful look in her great soft eyes—she has an eye, mind you, that girl has—and a dirty-looking man stood on the mat, while the landlord was taking an inventory in the front parlour.

"It is but a ruined home you've come to see, Mr. Fortylegs," said Mrs. Tredgold, who was trembling in her widow's weeds, but looked dignified. "You have not heard of our great misfortune, I suppose?"

"What can't be cured must be endured, and first come first served is my motto, Madam, though I'm truly sorry for you," broke in the landlord.

I should have liked to kick him, but I only said, quite coolly, "How much is your claim, Mister?"

"Twenty-eight pound fourteen," returned he, staring.

"Then I'll trouble you to make out a receipt in full," said I, taking out the money; "and, meanwhile, I'll jist show your dirty friend here the door."

When they were both gone Mrs. Tredgold kissed my hand. "I always looked upon you and your sister as my own," she said, crying.

"And you, Eliza, what did you look upon me as?—as a beast, a brute?"

"No; never that, Samuel," said the dear girl, hiding her face in her hands; "but indeed I will repay you for your kindness, if I have the power. It is a good thing for your sake that—that—things have happened in time to break off our—our—friendship."

"What!" I shouted, and then, suddenly remembering an appropriate observation, and really having not a bad tenor voice, I sang, "No, by Heaven! may I per—ish, if e—e—ver I pla—ant in thy bo—o—som a th—orn." That did the business. My lovely Eliza came weeping to my arms, and I am now trying how much of the old lady's money can be pulled out of the fire before our marriage on Tuesday week.

THE BLACK DOCTOR.

BY ANGUS FAIRBAIRN.

LAST Christmas Day some such influence as that which, leading on from incident to incident, makes up the substance of our lives, led me away from home and society, and directed my footsteps beyond the south-eastern outposts of far-extending London, toward the highlands of Kent. It might have been by the attraction which sorrow has for those who have drank deeply of her bitter cup, that I found myself about noonday in the cemetery which imparts a melancholy interest to the sunny side of Shooter's-hill.

Amongst the few visitors who here and there, in the unobtrusive manner of true piety, paid their tribute of respect to dear friends departed, I noticed particularly an eccentric-looking old lady who was strewing chrysanthemums and other winter flowers upon a grave that, by token of its well-grown grassy covering, seemed to belong to a sorrow most likely mollified by the soothing hand of time.

From the entire absence of kindred names on the cold monumental marble one might guess that the "poor inhabitant below" had been laid in this sequestered portion of "God's acre" amongst strangers by the hands of the stranger. On entering into conversation with the old lady I found it was indeed so, and she who with kindly remembrance had come in the holy Christmas tide to strew the sweetest offerings of our wintry clime on that lonely grave was neither kith nor kin of the departed. No one could tell from what distant clime of the sun the stranger had come, or by what weary steps he had attained the distinction of an English grave consecrated by the religion and love of an Englishwoman. The interest and affection, not to be diminished by lapse of years, arose at first in the poor old lady's heart from a supposed medical benefit received from the hands of the deceased, not by the application of medicine or ordinary surgical skill, but absolutely by the laying on of hands. Great domestic loss and heavy mental affliction had bereft her of reason, and by placing his hands on her head, she said, the Black Doctor had restored her to her right mind; "and here," she concluded, "is the grave of my benefactor."

Dream-like the remembrance then came back to me from the days of youth, that I myself had nearly been deprived of reason by very likely the same influence which, under another set of circumstances, had acted most beneficially; once more reminding us that the powers of nature are for good or evil, as we know how to use them. The black man I knew seemed to me rather a demon than a doctor, but he had set himself up before the world under the title of a "mesmerist" and "a man of colour," and, with unhesitating Yankee assurance, claiming to be a scientific lecturer, challenged the attention of the scientific men of Great Britain at a time when the scientific mind was particularly disposed to investigate matters that seemed to lead toward an elucidation of those mysterious forces that have since then, under the name of galvanism and electricity, proved eminently useful for many purposes of life. Not without tears the good old lady finished her pious task, and in course of time, from her description of the Black Doctor's appearance, his manner of life, and by comparison of dates and other circumstances I became satisfied that he was in verity the same personage I had known, and who had made me bear involuntary testimony to the force of his extraordinary mesmeric powers, in company with several young companions, in the presence of Sir David Brewster, at St. Andrews.

How many of the select few who took part in that séance are in the land of the living now I do not know, but those who survive may well remember the circumstance as a curious passage in the life of one of the most remarkable men of our times. If I remember aright, the room in which we assembled was in the house of one of the foremost professors of the ancient Scottish city. There sat Sir David at a table, surrounded by his learned friends, and before them stood the Black Doctor, who had undertaken to do something wonderful, and was evidently confident of success—a tall man of colour, dressed in black, profusely adorned with rings and gold appendages, and with patent leather boots on his large flat feet. Although he had woolly hair and other unmistakable marks of the negro, there was in his glowing, determined eye and superior forehead strong traces of the world's dominant race being in some degree responsible for his birth and parentage.

Ranked on one side of the apartment sat those who had been selected for the unknown experiment—a few young students, known personally to Sir David or the professors in whose presence they were assembled, and myself. Sir David placed his watch on the table before him, and signified to the Black Doctor that he might then and there proceed with his operations. The sable individual made a swaggering bow and strode out of the room, and I thought I heard him ascend the stairs which led to the upper apartments. Then silence fell upon the scene, and expectation might be observed even upon the calm countenance of Sir David and in the keen eyes of the learned professors.

In a very short space of time everyone of the youths were more or less affected by some strange influence, in its effects more like enchantment than what is known amongst mankind as mesmerism. One fair youth, indeed, fell into a profound slumber and bent his head like a lily in the storm; but the rest, including myself, were seized with an inexpressible anxiety to follow the Black Doctor, if it were even into the demon world, to which he seemed to have vanished. This anxiety appeared to be more of the flesh than of the spirit; for the mind strove against the inclinations of the body, making laughable manifestations of disagreement. One of us slid down upon the carpet and stretched out his arms towards the door; another, holding fast by the seat, could not hinder his long legs from taking a similar direction; and as for myself, I had become endowed with an inward light that enabled me not only to see through stone walls, but to know what surrounding people were thinking. I knew at once what the Black Doctor wished us to do, and what was the secret compact made between him and the conclave of savans. Still, like my companions, I resisted the power which sought to lead captive the glorious gift of free will, then being so cruelly betrayed by the recalcitrant flesh. The combat was soon over; with one accord we all, save the sleeping youth, rushed to the door; some one opened it, and we hustled each other in the passage. I seized the banisters of the stairs to stay my course; but my feet turned together toward the door of another room on the ground floor where I knew the Black Doctor expected us. One wrenched round the handle of that room-door, and then, pell mell, we all ran to the black man, as slips of steel might fly to a magnet. There he stood in the middle of the chamber, in an attitude of triumph, his diabolical face shining with grim satisfaction, and his white "ivories" glistening from ear to ear with delight. With a sweep of his tawny hands he relieved all of us; and at once returning to the presence chamber of the learned, stalked up to the table and addressing the grey-haired chief of science:—

"Now, Sare, I guess you air satisfied. I reckoned I'd make the young gentlemen find me in five minutes, and I've done it. Look at your watch, Sare; I b'lieve you air satisfied."

"Not quite," said Sir David, smiling serenely at the indescribable

consequence of the operator. "You have taken five out of six persons from this room into the apartment where you were in a little over the space of five minutes; the sixth one you had better now awake. So far the experiment is successful?" turning as he spoke toward his scientific brethren.

One of the learned brothers seemed irritated exceedingly, as if what had been accomplished had run in direct opposition to his own faith and practice. The sentiments he uttered, although not addressed to the Black Doctor, were decidedly complimentary; whereupon the sable gentleman challenged the learned brother, who, it appeared, was a profound sceptic, to a personal encounter with the weapons of Mesmer.

"I shall fix your hand upon the table, Sare. Now, Sare!"

However sorely it might wound the Professor's dignity to be subjected to the trick of an itinerant mesmerist, after what had occurred he could not reasonably decline the trial; so he placed his hand upon the table, with a mute gesture of defiance. The Black Doctor rolled up the sleeve of his coat, and, after making a series of slow, determined, horizontal movements over his opponent's hand, he suddenly pointed all his frightful fingers downwards, exclaiming, "Now, Sare, you can't move your hand! No, you can't; no, Sare!" And, although the Professor strove till the big drops stood upon his academic brow, he really could not lift his hand from the table.

"Fairly beaten, Professor!" said Sir David, laughing outright; in which laugh everybody present joined.

"I b'lieve your hand air fast, Sare?" grinned the Black Doctor.

The Professor looked at the bewitched member, which, in mute captivity, bore testimony against the deep-rooted prejudice of its master. Never did Christian man seem more ready literally to obey the scriptural mandate, "If thy right hand offend thee, cut it off and cast it from thee;" and never, perhaps, was more handsomely illustrated the truth of the well-known couplet,

A man convinced against his will,
Is of the same opinion still;

for when, at length, a wave of the Black Doctor's arm released the Professor's hand from captivity, the unbelieving man of letters raised on high the very member that had betrayed him and emphatically declared the whole exhibition from first to last a hoax and a gross delusion.

Immediately after this the séance dissolved, but, unfortunately for me, the curious preternatural condition into which I had been thrown remained. Men and houses and other solid things around me seemed mere shadows; the real things were making use of these forms for purposes I could not divine. I walked along the streets and down to the seashore in hopes of being restored by the fresh air to a state of mind consistent with the everyday world. I felt sure I could not possibly remain amongst shadows, but must of necessity remain in the regions of reality. I was like one who had gotten a glimpse of spirit-land, but was denied entrance there. I asked an old fisherman on the beach, so I learned afterwards, which was the nearest way to heaven. Methought he pointed toward the setting sun, as the yellow beams of the west danced upon the waters and gleamed upon his weather-beaten face, and gleamed upon the side of his old boat that lay rocking on the flood tide. The old fisherman and I entered the boat together, hoisted the weather-stained sail, a fresh breeze sprang up, and we sailed due westward in the golden tract of the setting sun. The Black Doctor stood on shore, making his ridiculous mesmeric gesticulations in order to compel me to return to him; and Sir David stood sorrowfully looking after us with his hand shading his eyes from the brightness that appeared to blind him. The old fisherman held the tiller fair, the wind blew fresh and free, and we very soon left out of sight the land of shadows with its mocking imagery of academics, and churches, and men, and houses. Oward and westward we sailed and sailed for centuries, till the earth's sun went down and the earth's wind died away. The old sails hung listless by the mast, and we drifted sweetly into the haven of everlasting rest. "Look," said I to the boatman, "all the true and beautiful welcome us ashore." But on turning to where I had last seen the old, weather-beaten man, I beheld an angel at the helm, and the weather-stained sails were white as driven snow. Then was there great joy and loving welcome from those whom I feared were for ever lost, and a delicious sense of relief from the painful anxieties of a long and doubtful voyage. For a short and blissful time I believed myself in heaven, but the hateful appearance of the Black Doctor amongst the lovely inhabitants of that peaceful country rendered me unutterably wicked, and because of the rage and hate I felt towards him I was expelled from Paradise. After this there came the weary, hopeless wanderings of an outcast through parched, sandy deserts, inhabited by swarms of phantom Black Doctors, any one of whom would have given his rings, and chains, and patent leather boots for a single drop of cold water, and there was none to be found.

My wanderings in this horrible Sinai were at length terminated by welcome showers of rain that cooled my hot brow and moistened my parched mouth, and I became conscious of a change and a return to the life of humanity. A sweet womanly voice bade me be of good cheer, as the fever had left me, and I should soon be well again; wishing me, at the same time, "A merry Christmas and a happy new year!" The window curtain was gently drawn aside, and I beheld with a pleased wonder the large snow-flakes silently falling outside.

During my convalescence I learned that, on the autumn evening, after the Black Doctor's séance, I had walked down to the shore and behaved in such a frantic manner that it was found necessary to place me under restraint. I seemed to be possessed with a constant apprehension that the black mesmerist would destroy my identity unless I escaped from him by sea. This madness was succeeded by a brain fever that left me the wreck of my former self.

Meantime the cause of all this disturbance had proceeded on his mesmeric mission and gotten himself a name by many strange manifestations of his power. While at some town in Shropshire he had made a man resident in life come to him at a given hour, whether he would or no. Ministers of the Gospel had spoken of him in terms of horror, as if he had been verily the enemy of mankind. Doctors had striven to detect and expose his tricks on the platform, and vituperated the man in private; séances had been held in metropolitan circles, at which it was whispered even such men as the author of "Zanoni" had assisted. But however much these associations may have gratified personal ambition or reflected honour on the dark races of mankind, nothing could possibly have raised the Black Doctor's fame in popular estimation like an incident which took place shortly after his advent in London.

In passing through a pretty village on the Kentish shores of the Thames he espied a ruthless bill-sticker overlaying his own announcements with the posters of some rival entertainer. Stepping up softly behind the man, he actually arrested by one of his mesmeric passes the arm that was in the act of obliterating his name. Nor would he let the man of paste go till the inhabitants in crowds had witnessed the bill-sticker's punishment and the laughable exhibition of the Black Doctor's wondrous power. This incident so exalted his reputation in the district where it occurred that it was followed by a more considerable accession of wealth and consequence than had attended all his former efforts. But wealth and consequence are apt to draw after them dangers and troubles peculiar to themselves. The Black Doctor's heart became proud and his vanity inflamed; so he resolved to have a splendid "mount," and emulate the sons of Nimrod in the management of that noblest of animals, the horse. It was in the exercise of this vaulting ambition, and not through labouring in his strange vocation, that he ended his career. He fell from his horse in the very bloom and blush of his fame; from the injuries he sustained in that overthrow he died, and was carried to his grave in Shooter's-hill churchyard by admiring friends, amongst whom were many, as I have been told, who had greatly benefited by the mysterious influence that had won for him the title of THE BLACK DOCTOR.

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